# YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ OCT. 22
VOL. 2, NO. 18
1943

By the men . . for the men in the service

## A Nine-Month Detail on the Greenland Icecap

PAGE 3

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**S/SGT. FLORENCE A. IRVIN,** a mess sergeant, is from Los Angeles, Calif. She answered by saying: "They don't brag much. The only reason they brag to the English is to get rid of a complex. I find most of them shy and a little backward. Maybe it's because we all come from the same place."

**PFC. MARTHA K. CAVINESS,** from Bethany, Okla., is 22 and has been in the WAC for nearly a year as a typist. "I just ignore the GI when he starts bragging," she said, "but I find they don't brag very often with me." She likes English soldiers, too. Doing a little bragging herself by singing cowboy songs, she made a big hit with one English audience.

SINCE some English girls say that the American soldier brags too much about himself and his country, YANK's photographer Sgt. Steve Derry asked some Wacs in England this question:

# "What do you do when a GI starts telling you what a hot-shot he was back home?"

**PVT. MARY A. HARRISON** is from Concord, N. H., and is 23 years old. She thinks that "everyone who comes from America has the right to brag. I do sometimes myself. If a GI starts bragging, I give it right back to him. It usually ends with him silent and me still talking." Mary has been "too busy" to meet English soldiers but she thinks England's fine.

**PFC. MARJORIE E. SNOOK** is from West Englewood, N. J. She answered: "When a GI starts giving me that great-guy stuff, I tell him to lay off it because I come from the same place he does and there's no reason to blow off to me. As for his manners—well, good manners are optional to me."

**PFC. SHIRLEY E. EMHOFF,** 22 years old and from Detroit, Mich., had this to say: "I don't think the Yanks brag too much. I haven't any certain rule for dealing with them when they do. It depends upon what kind of a soldier you're with and whether he thinks he can get away with all that stuff or not. If they make too much noise, I'm ready to tell them off."

**PFC. MARY F. HOLT** is from Atlanta, Ga., and has been in the WAC for about nine months as a cook. "Not much bragging with me," she said. "I reckon I'm not the type they want to brag to. It usually ends up with them listening to me talk and then taking out pictures of their old girl friends and showing them around." She likes England, but it's not Atlanta.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE OF THE EXPEDITION'S TWO MOTOR SLEDS WITH ITS TRAILER, USED IN TRAVELING TO SUB-STATIONS OVER THE GREENLAND ICECAP TO GATHER WEATHER DATA.

# One of the Toughest Details in the Army

LT. RANDOLPH P. EDDY, EXPEDITION CO, SAMPLES A PIE BAKED BY BASHFUL T-4 JOSEPH LINTON.

**By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT**
**YANK Staff Writer**

CPL. Arthur Goldstrom of Baltimore, Md., first thought he detected suspicious symptoms in Elizabeth as early as the first week in May. He said so at the time. But the five other enlisted men told him not to be silly, she wasn't that way at all; she was simply a little bilious and bloated, and he was just goofin' off.

By the middle of the month, however, her condition became so visible that even the CO, 2d Lt. Randolph Post Eddy, recognized it. He and the six GIs in the little AAF Security Expedition, marooned for 35 weeks at an Army Weather and Rescue Station far from human habitation somewhere on the Greenland Icecap, wondered what they could do about a wily brown-eyed native who had gone and got herself, as the lieutenant put it, in the family way.

S/Sgt. Arthur Hall, a young jive addict of Chicago, Ill., suggested a lottery. For seven bored and listless guys buried under 25 feet of snow, the idea had its modest merits.

The others smiled sympathetically and said it was a damn good idea. So Hall deposited some numbered slips of paper in his barracks bag, and each of the men drew a number from 1 to 7.

Above them, on the desolate surface of the ice sheet, an Arctic storm was raising almighty hell. There would be no outside detail that day.

The men flopped on their bunks and waited.

Waiting was something the seven surviving members of the Security Expedition got plenty used to. For almost nine months they waited for one thing or another practically all the time. They waited for mail, which was dropped to them by plane just twice, once in November, once in March. They waited for fresh food and for urgently needed supplies, which never came.

On long northern nights they waited through 20 hours of darkness for the light of day. On rescue missions in the white desolation of the interior, when storms of such violence broke out that even a crawling progress was unthinkable, they dug trenches two feet down in the glare ice, pitched their Arctic pup tents to the windward, wormed down into their sleeping bags and—waited.

Now, in the middle of May 1943, confined to quarters by a routine blizzard, they found themselves waiting on Elizabeth.

They didn't have to wait long. Elizabeth came through. It was an eminently successful GI delivery. In the litter were four wet, puling pups, and the mother and her future Army sledge dogs got along fine. Everybody was delighted—especially Cpl. Goldstrom, who held No. 4 in the lottery. He got out of KP for one week.

"Admittedly," Sgt. Hall says today, "the lottery idea wouldn't appeal to seasoned USO veterans accustomed to the hardy pleasures of the Stage Door Canteen. But in that ice-locked hell it worked. It helped a lot. It was one of the crazy means we had to use to keep the whole bunch of us from getting a Section 8."

The Security Expedition's HQ was a wooden one-room shack, 18 by 24, with built-in triple-decker bunks on three of its walls and a radio receiving and sending set on the other. Set in a gully near a fjord that is ice-choked at least eight months a year, the shelter was almost entirely surrounded by tightly packed snow. Only the escape hatch through the roof led to the light and air above. It was a constant struggle for the



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men to beat down loneliness and boredom.

At the beginning, after the Coast Guard trawler had unloaded them and steamed back south to civilization, and before the severe weather, the assignment hadn't seemed so bad.

Constructing their buildings, setting up their radio and meteorological equipment and storing their supplies, the Expedition had been in good spirits. They joked and kidded each other quite a bit. They even kidded Lt. Eddy, discreetly of course. For instance, there was the story of how he had "volunteered" for the Icecap assignment.

It seems that on one morning late in August 1942, at the base command somewhere on the southeast coast, the lieutenant, fresh from OCS, had answered an urgent summons to appear before his CO, a tough, blunt-spoken colonel.

"Eddy," the colonel had said, "there's a helluva big job to be done up north and we've got to get it under way in a hurry. It will be a thankless, nasty business. Are you interested?"

"Well, I——" Lt. Eddy had spluttered.

"Splendid. Now here's the set-up. There will be three officers and seven enlisted men, all weather or radio men. You'll have full weather and radio equipment, and supplies to last for one year. You're familiar, of course, with the expression, 'The weather comes from the west?' Fine. Now what does all this add up to?"

"I, uh——"

"Simply this: If we can get regular weather observations from strategic points on the Greenland Icecap, these taken in conjunction with the reports we receive from the New England coast, Canada and other stations in the North Atlantic area will enable us to know in Greenland today exactly what the weather will be in Germany tomorrow. I don't need to tell you how important such information would be, especially to our Air Forces in England for their raids on Europe."

"Sir, I——"

"In addition, the mission will assist in rescue operations for planes forced down in its area, and will test cold-weather equipment."

"Uh, I believe——"

"There may be several Nazi stations concealed up there; moreover, you'd be virtually isolated on that God-forsaken icecap for at least a year. So on a mission of this sort I would like volunteers only. Are you prepared to volunteer, lieutenant?"

"Uh——"

"Splendid. Now for the orders. You will proceed on or about Sept. 1, to . . ."

That's how Lt. Eddy, a strictly North Temperate Zone fellow whose only previous experience of operations in snow and extreme cold consisted in throwing snowballs at his fraternity brothers at Dartmouth, volunteered for a year's duty in the ice-cube tray of the world's refrigerator, somewhere north of Cape Farewell.

THEY built their hutment HQ early in September 1942, christening it simply the Cap, though officially it was known as the Greenland Icecap Weather and Rescue Station. At that time the outfit had 10 soldiers and one civilian, a Norwegian trapper and dog-sled driver named Johann Johanssen, whom they had met on the coast. But later Capt. A. Innes-Taylor, an expert on Arctic life, who had been on two Byrd expeditions, and who had helped Lt. Eddy and his men install their weather and radio equipment, went back to the States. He hoped to persuade the War Department to send Eddy's unit additional supplies and materials which he felt were needed if the men were to get through the long winter. He never returned.

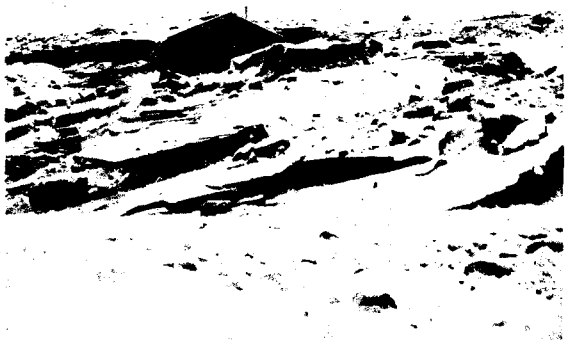
Then, late in November, Lt. Max Demorest of Flint, Mich., a brilliant glaciologist whose knowledge of the Icecap had been of great value to the expedition, was killed when the motor sled he was driving swerved suddenly into a snow-covered crevasse.

That left—in addition to Lt. Eddy, Goldstrom, Hall, and Johanssen—five enlisted men: S/Sgt. Charles Howes of Stamford, Conn.; Sgt. Willis Bell of Minnesota; Sgt. Simon Karatzas of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sgt. Don Tetely of Weeping Spring, Tex., and T-4 Joseph Linton of Fernandina, Fla.

None of these men had ever lived in the roaring sub-zero hell of the Arctic before, and only one, Sgt. Howes, had ever been interested in meteorology as a civilian. After Lt. Demorest was killed, the men left had to learn Arctic life the hard way or perish. They learned.

The first thing they learned was patience.

The Security Expedition's biggest job was to



*The Expedition HQ in the fall before the heavy snow came. In winter, it was buried under 25 feet of snow.*

obtain and transmit weather information by radio four times a day to the base command in southern Greenland. There it was analyzed, fused with reports from other stations and compiled in an over-all daily forecast. The meteorological data had to be gathered over a fairly large area. The expedition set up two sub-stations, one five miles to the south of the Cap, the other 20 miles to the west. They moved from station to station by dog sled (the expedition had at the beginning 30 sled dogs), motor sled (they had two, with sled trailers) and foot (skis and snowshoes).

Whenever they left their sub-stations to report at HQ, the men always strapped a long bamboo pole to the escape hatches, and the pole had to be lengthened constantly as the snow accumulated. Returning hours later, they often found only a few inches of bamboo remaining visible above the deep drifts.

Getting those four readings every day seemed easy at first, but later when the winter blizzards roared down at them with the combined speed of the *Twentieth Century Limited* and the *Super Chief*, it became heartbreakingly difficult. As soon as they repaired their instruments after one devastating storm, another blizzard would strike, knocking down the vanes and blowing the anemometer cups to a frozen Kingdom Come. And they were always afraid, because of unpredictable reception, that their radio reports weren't getting through to the base command.

The expedition's second major job, that of assisting in the rescue of plane crews forced down in its sector, was equally tough and proved to be almost totally futile. They were able to reach the scenes of only two of the crashes and forced landings reported in their part of the Icecap from September to May. They found that one of these surviving crews had already been evacuated by a Navy rescue plane. The other crew, however, was still there when they located the wreck. That kept the expedition's rescue record from being a complete blank.

Another crashed plane, reported to be 30 miles from them, was never reached although the men fought ferocious winds for more than five months trying to get to it. Once they managed to advance within eight miles of the disabled craft before storms, as usual, drove them back.

On another attempt Sgt. Howes and Johanssen traveled by dog sled about five miles from their base before the storms began. The sky was gray with whirling snow. The wind, coming in gusts like a lashing scourge, whipped sharp fine needles of snow into their faces. They stopped, hurriedly unhitched the dogs and built a windbreak. Then they dug their trench and pitched their tent, carefully banking the snow around it to keep it from being torn to shreds.

Through a hole in the top of the tent, they stuck an iceax, so they could get air. They crawled into their sleeping bags. As the storm increased in intensity and the drifts collected, they took turns shoveling the snow away. They were stuck there for three days, Dec. 23-26.

On Christmas Eve they had dehydrated beans and melted snow for dinner. The next morning they said Merry Christmas to each other and, when they went up to shovel away the snow, they yelled Merry Christmas at each one of the dogs. Outside of that, according to Howes, nothing much happened. They just hibernated. Finally, as the storm showed no signs of letting up, they decided to go back to the Cap.

Ironically, they learned some months later that the crew of the wrecked bomber had already been evacuated by a Coast Guard rescue plane.

As the months passed, life at the Cap became more and more strained and empty. Lt. Eddy and his men had very little to help them through the long hours of waiting. They had a good radio receiving set, but because it required a gasoline engine to keep it going, they couldn't use it for pleasure more than an hour a week. The men voted for the one program they wanted most to hear each week. Sometimes the winner would be Fred Allen, sometimes Bob Hope. But as a rule it was "Command Performance." That was about the only show they could count on getting clearly whenever they tuned in on it.

As their long, lonely detail came to a close, there were few effective ways left of licking boredom. They had already read every one of their 20 books through three times. They played draw poker but since no one had any money and all bets were on a phony jawbone basis that became tiresome, too. They had bull sessions but after they'd talked to the same guys for months, this left something to be desired.

BUT the men got along remarkably well most of the time. They had some laughs and they contrived various ingenious means of self-entertainment. For instance, Sgt. Tetely made a very acceptable guitar out of some plywood, glue and wire. Its tonal characteristics were scarcely of Carnegie Hall caliber, but it furnished an adequate background to many a lusty ballad.

Sgt. Howes, at the November mail call, received a copy of "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" from his wife, whom he had married two days before he left for Greenland. The guys had a hard time making out the notes, but with the help of Hall and Tetely, who could read music after a fashion, they finally deciphered a tune of sorts. Actually, they must have been pretty close to the right melody because later, when they heard the song back in the States, they all recognized it.

For laughs, they always had their *Basic Field Manual*. In that venerable volume they found several extraordinary understatements which they pasted up on the walls of their hutment. Two, especially, were usually good for a chuckle at least: *"Men show little enthusiasm over bathing in ice water."* (The fact is, not one of them took a bath at one sitting in nine months.) The other note was equally wise: *"In deep snow, men are inclined not to use the latrine."*

Incidentally, to reach the latrine at the Cap, the men had to crawl through one of the hutment windows into a long snow tunnel. This tunnel, dark and cold, extended about 50 feet to the right. Banked snow, a trench and a slab of holed wood, suitably sanded, constituted the commode. Needless to say the place was without heat and running water. According to Sgt. Karatzas, it was no place to dally over the morning paper.

Finally, near the end of May, a rescue party, commanded by Col. Bernt Balchen, arrived at their station. Col. Balchen, a Norwegian-American who knows Arctic life the way Benny Goodman knows a hot lick, took one look at the members of the AAF Security Expedition, sat down at the radio and sent this six-word message:

"Get these guys out of here."

Two weeks later, Lt. Eddy and the remaining members of the expedition were standing before their CO, the tough, blunt-spoken colonel at the base command in southern Greenland. They were worried. They thought the whole nine months had been a total flop.

"Eddy," the colonel began, "there are two things I want to say to you and your men. First, your report on cold-weather equipment was thorough, excellent, enormously helpful. The things you found out the hard way about Arctic tents, clothing, machinery, will make it a lot easier for all American soldiers stationed in northern regions.

"Second, although you never knew it, your weather reports got through to us regularly every day. Even on the days when you felt they didn't, they did. Your signals, on such days, bounced back to our crystal stations in Canada, which shot them to us at once. I want to tell you this, fellows, you got weather for me which no one else has ever been able to get."

The moment was tense. The colonel looked at Sgt. Hall.

"Sergeant, what did you think of the Icecap?"

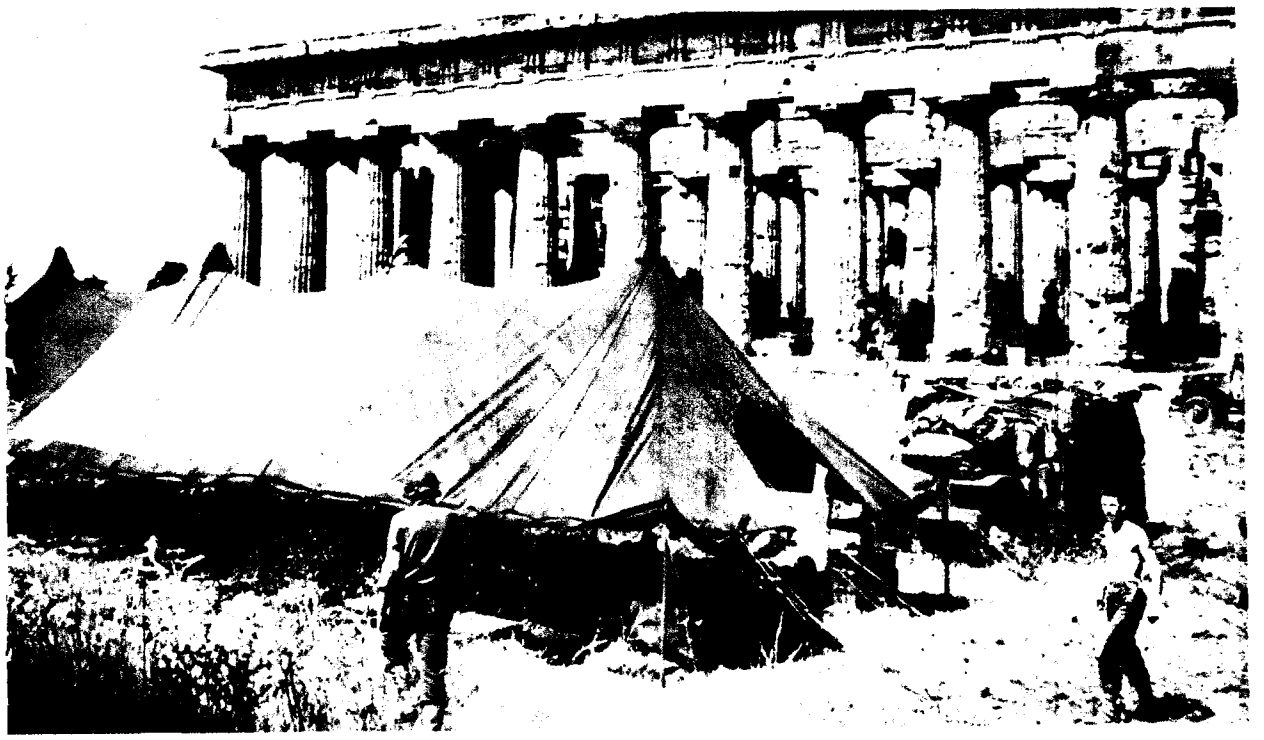
Hall was unperturbed.

"Well, sir," he said, "I'll tell you. It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there."

*YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Branch, Special Service, ASF, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.*



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*The scarred pillars of a Greek temple at Paestum, Italy, give a classical setting to a U. S. Army field hospital.*

*A good haul. Pvt. Francis Squirlock of Olyphant, Pa., and Pvt. Daniel Schatz of Chicago, Ill., are holding up 88-mm shells just captured on the Italian front while other GIs inspect the Nazi prime mover in the background. (More pictures from Italy on pages 12 and 13.)*

# Your Battle Nerves Get Rusty When There's a Lull Between Campaigns

**By Sgt. JACK FOISIE**
**North Africa *Stars and Stripes***

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY [By Cable]—Even a week after the coastal road linking Battipaglia, Salerno and Maiori had fallen into Allied hands, the Germans were still spasmodically shelling it with 88s.

Jeeps whose drivers and passengers had just landed in Italy dashed through the area like scared ducks, but Yanks and Tommies who had already undergone 10 days of shelling, mortaring and bombing took their own sweet time through the danger zones, pausing even for a heavy puff on a cigarette.

Not that the newcomers were rookies, entirely unused to the business of being under fire. Many of the guys who had just come ashore were veterans of battle, but they had not been in combat for a month or so, and to some extent they had to make the same kind of mental readjustment that is necessary for an untried campaigner.

"It takes me a few hours or even days to tune up my battle nerves," explained one brown-haired jeep driver who had just come ashore from a landing craft. And he ducked ever so slightly as a 105 howitzer—one of our own—opened fire in the grove ahead of us.

A moment later he fell flat on his belly as an answering 88 kicked up a splatter of black explosive and dirt some distance up the beach.

"I wouldn't have done that in Sicily," he muttered sheepishly as he got up and brushed himself off. "Do you think I've lost my nerve, maybe?"

"No, I don't think you've lost your nerve," I replied also somewhat sheepishly, as I, too, got up and brushed myself off.

"Shall we try to get the jeep through now?" he asked.

"Do you think we should?" I said. There was an embarrassing silence.

"It seems pretty quiet right now," he said at last. But then an 88 tossed another shot into the area. The jeep driver broke into a hollow grin. "Once we make it to the highway, we'll come under the protection of the cliff. Shall we try it?" The faithful jeep churned through the sand and reached the coastal road safely.

It was a straight stretch of road, lined on each side by stately poplars. At first glance the scene looked very peaceful, but on second glance it didn't look peaceful at all. There were jagged cavities in the line of trees, where shells had broken off the tops of some of them, sheared away the foliage or uprooted their trunks.

Infantrymen moved cautiously in single file on each side of the highway. Coming toward us were a few Italians, burdened down by monstrous loads and staggering in panic through the shelled area trying to find some safe place.

As our jeep took off down the road, we automatically hunched low. "Even so, I feel like a beautiful fat target," groaned the slim jeep driver. He pressed the gas pedal all the way to the floor board.

We plunged into a half-filled crater and the jeep almost overturned. A little later a solid blast of artillery fire made us stiffen, but then we realized it was our own guns. Then came the low siren and whistle of a shell headed our way. But the jeep driver just smiled; suddenly he knew that it was going to pass over our heads.

And then we were out of the danger zone. "How do you feel?" the driver asked.

"Okay," I said, "and how do you feel? Think you've lost your nerve?"

"If I did, I've got it back again," he said, like a reborn veteran.

## Coast Guardsman's Eyewitness Story: Italy Landing Was No Pink Tea

*John Folk CPhoM, a Coast Guard moving-picture cameraman from Atlanta, Ga., sent the following report to Washington after he landed with the Fifth Army in Italy. The message was written aboard ship on the way back to North Africa.*

AT SEA IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—The invasion of Gela in Sicily was a pink tea compared to this invasion of the Italian mainland.

I went in with the first wave from our transport. Our task force landed near the town of Paestum, south of Salerno. We were flanked on the left by British forces and on the right by Germans. The enemy was prepared for us, and the beach where we landed contained hundreds of mines. Heavy artillery up in the hills dropped a constant rain of shells on us.

Right after hitting the beach, I made for some sparse cover about 75 yards from the water's edge and proceeded to dig in. Unfortunately I'd picked out one of the hottest spots for my foxhole. For about an hour I was forced to stay there.

Shells were screaming over my head and landing on the beaches. They actually clipped the grass above me. Two of them burst extremely close by. One hit the ground just a few yards away and the concussion kicked me in the chest like a mule.

Back in my foxhole I found I wasn't injured, but my hearing was greatly impaired. My ears rang for a long while, and I worried for fear I had a permanent injury, but everything seems to be OK now.

Those foxholes are a very good place to be when the enemy has the range. I picked up a souvenir from my life jacket, which was lying on the ground—a piece of hot shrapnel.

Cruisers and monitors offshore began firing in an effort to knock out the enemy gun emplacements inland. Those Jerries certainly had the range and were dropping the eight-ball in the corner pocket all too often.

As soon as our forces got the guns that were giving us such a hot reception, I ventured out to make a few pictures. Enemy guns up in the hills were very well hidden and difficult to erase, much more so than in Sicily. My stuff this time probably won't be nearly so spectacular as at Gela. There are no "shots" of enemy bombers because we had marvelous air cover for this job. In one day, before noon, our fighter planes knocked down 20 enemy aircraft on their way to attack us, and repelled 40 attempted raids.

Each minute now sees us farther along toward Africa and our "home port." But if somebody slammed a hatchcover or made a loud noise, I think I'd break a leg getting topside. We were given a "going away" present by the Jerries, and I don't think anybody on board will ever forget it.

But God has ridden the bridge with us again on this trip, and after my cruises so far, I am certainly humble in His presence.

**LOOKING FOR TROUBLE**

**Sgt. Dave Richardson, YANK correspondent in New Guinea, takes a ride on a B-24 that goes out alone into Jap territory and finds plenty of action.**



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**SGT. JOHN RUSSELL,** a motorized cavalryman from New York, who served two and a half years overseas, was strafed by a Messerschmitt while riding in a jeep on the road to Fondouk during the Tunisian campaign early last winter.

**T/SGT. RAY A. LENT,** Air Force photographer, is now recuperating in Texas. His left forearm was smashed beyond repair and his right side was wounded when a flock of Jap Zeros attacked his plane over Rangoon, Burma, last February.

**W. A. MURPHY,** Navy chief, lost his right leg and had 25 operations and 90 transfusions as a result of wounds in the Battle of Savo Island last November. The doctor says he owes his life to penicillin. He wants to stay on active duty.

**PVT. LEO SANDERS** of Tacoma, Wash., came to Halloran Hospital from Africa with one finger missing, a fractured arm and gunshot wounds in his wrist. Now he is recuperating at the Army General Hospital, Atlantic City. "As far as Africa's concerned," he says, "Sherman surely hit the nail on the head."

**PFC. LLOYD GUNNELS,** a marine from Texas, moved forward alone during a rest period at Guadalcanal, walked into a Jap outfit and opened fire rather than lead them back to his resting unit. He fired 100 rounds before he was encircled and hit in the face, losing his right eye and the bridge of his nose.

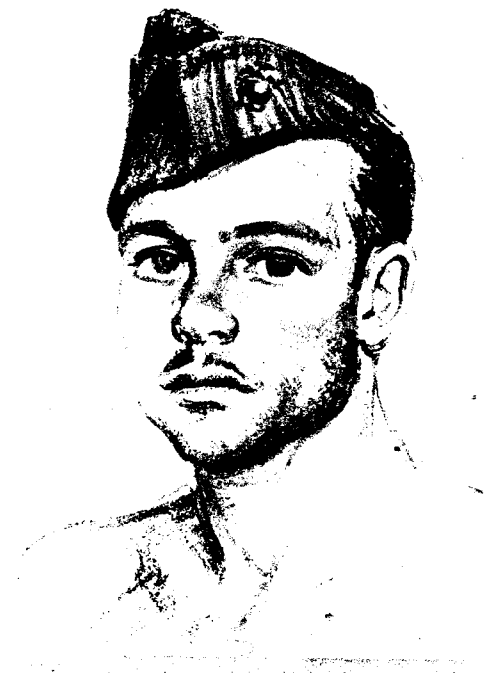


PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Nine Wounded Veterans

SGT. Howard Brodie, YANK staff artist, drew these portraits of convalescing veterans from Africa, the South Pacific, Burma and Bataan in the Army's Halloran General Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y., and the Navy's Oak Knoll Hospital at Oakland, Calif. Brodie found the more badly wounded men to be the most cheerful. Like Sgt. Jones, the marine shown at the right who lost both arms and one leg, they consider themselves very lucky to be alive. Lots of them, such as Chief Murphy, the Navy man, want more than anything else to get back into active duty again.

**PVT. ABE MILLER,** a former steel worker in New York, whose arm bone was shattered by a stray bullet on a beach at Sicily where he landed on the first day of the invasion as a truck driver in a Quartermaster unit. The wound gave him a chance to see his new daughter, who was born while he was overseas.



**SGT. THEODORE JONES,** a marine from Lake Mills, Wis., lost both arms and one leg at Guadalcanal but he says, "I was lucky not to lose my other leg." He hitchhikes frequently from Oak Knoll to Oakland on 24-hour passes to visit his wife.

**T/SGT. FLOYD [illegible],** an artilleryman who was bayoneted by the Japs at Bataan, later escaped from Corregidor before it fell. Now he is a patient at Halloran Hospital, where he is still treated for his wounds. He does not discuss Bataan.

**CPL. JOE [illegible],** of [illegible], Pa., lost his arm [illegible] Nazi dive-bombers [illegible] a road [illegible] antiaircraft battery [illegible] of the tanks ran away [illegible] action.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# When a Chinese Merchant Asks $1,800 for a Souvenir, Give Him $700

By Sgt. MARION HARGROVE
YANK Staff Correspondent

CHINA—The purchase of native knickknacks and curios, which is apparently a major pastime for soldiers in other sectors of the global war, is no great shakes in China.

The best examples of Chinese art and craftsmanship are apparently available only in Occupied China, and the Japanese don't consider them worth including in the wares they smuggle into Free China to sell at a goodly profit. If you want good Chinese embroidery, silver or statuettes, you have to dig for them in the almost hidden junkshops and in that noble institution found in every respectable Chinese town, the Street of Thieves.

When, by snooping carefully under counters and behind screens, the shopper finds exquisite Chinese art objects, he must be careful not to admire them to any extent.

For a set of lacquered Fukienese nestled boxes or a splendidly painted figure of a hermit, done in the neighborhood of Peiping, the shopkeeper as a matter of course will ask a price at least four times as great as his estimated value of the piece. Then the haggling starts.

A surprising number of Chinese merchants are familiar with Arabic numerals and most of the bargaining is done by writing the ascending and descending prices on pieces of straw paper. The merchant writes, say, "$1,800" on the paper; the buyer looks at it as if he can't believe his eyes, scratches out the figure and substitutes "$300."

Depending on the location of the town and how near inflation has approached it, $300 may represent any amount of American money (known as "gold") from $3.75 to $15.38.

The buyer must display violent emotion. He must appear to be certain that the merchandise is cheap and tawdry, that it probably was made in the back room by the shopkeeper's daughter and that he intends using it as a paper weight.

After a time, the shopkeeper brings his price grudgingly down to $1,400 and the buyer hoots with derision and offers $400 for it. At this, the shopkeeper takes the object from the buyer's hand and starts to put it back in the showcase. He stops just in time, though, and comes down to $1,200. The buyer then ups his offer to $550. This, too, the shopkeeper rejects. The rock-bottom price, he indicates, is $1,200. The buyer lays the article on the counter and pretends great interest in some other item. The shopkeeper sighs wearily and offers the original article for $1,000.

Here the buyer either comes up to $600 or leaves his $550 offer as final. The shopkeeper rejects it huffily and refuses to come below $1,000. The buyer then states with great decision (all in pantomime) that under no circumstances will he give more than $600 for the merchandise. This, to the shopkeeper, is ridiculous. So the buyer starts for the door. All right, says the shopkeeper, I'm losing money—but you can have it for $900. The buyer laughs nastily and walks out.

Before he has reached the next shop, he is detained by the urgent hand of the shopkeeper, who drags him back inside. Let us part friends, says the shopkeeper; take it for $750 before I change my mind.

The buyer offers $700. The shopkeeper indicates that his dignity would not permit him to take less than $750. The buyer holds to $700. The shopkeeper, with great disgust, takes the $700 and the two part happily.

The soldier is proud of himself for having picked up an $1,800 piece of merchandise for $700; the merchant is pleased at having sold for $700 an article on which he places a maximum value of $150.

It is important in all deals of this sort for the soldier to keep calm enough in the haggling to be sure he's bidding for the object he wants. A master sergeant near here pruned a price from $2,200 to $400, thinking he was arguing for a beauty-aid set consisting of a toothpick, two ear-cleaners and an amber pendant used for rubbing tired eyes. At the end of the transaction, he found that he had bought a Buddhist rosary of jade, amber and wooden beads.

## This Week's Cover

THE latrine orderly who feels so bad about his job is none other than your old friend, Pvt. Snafu, star of the GI newsreel, Army and Navy Screen Magazine. He's been in YANK before, notably last July, when he encountered a spy. The sculpture on the cover is the work of T-3 Raymond F. Harryhausen and Pvt. Eugene S. Fleury, both of the 834th Signal Photo Detachment, Hollywood, Calif. For an additional look at Snafu in action, turn to page 9.

PHOTO CREDITS: 2—Sgt. Steve Derry. 3 & 4—AAF. 5—PA. 8—Cpl. Frank Friedrichsen. 12—Upper, U. S. Coast Guard; lower left and right, Acme. 13—Upper left and right, INP; center left, Acme; center right, U. S. Coast Guard; lower left, PA; lower right, U. S. Navy. 16—Upper, Negro Press Section, BPR; center, AAF; lower, Signal Corps. 17—Upper left, AAF Trng. Command; upper center, Sgt. Dillon Ferris; upper right, Sig. Sect., HQ Armored Command, Fort Knox, Ky.; center left, 11th Armd. Div.; center right, PRO, Tinker Field, Okla.; lower left, Signal Corps; lower right, Sgt. John Frano. 20—Universal Pictures. 21—Upper left, Columbia Pictures; lower left, RKO-Radio Pictures; center right, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 23—Upper, PRO, Tinker Field, Okla.; lower left and center, PA.

*Cpl. Dashiell Hammett, the writer of mystery thrillers, relaxes at the PX in Alaska.*

## Hammett, 'Thin Man' Author, Now an Enlisted Man in Alaska

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—The Thin Man has come to Alaska, and not as a Hollywood gag.

The Thin Man, otherwise Dashiell Hammett, author of mystery stories and screen writer, is now—at the age of 49—a corporal in the Signal Corps. Assigned to one of Alaska's wildest posts, he has just finished the rigorous conditioning course by which soldiers new to this country are initiated to the art of tundra-hopping.

"I found a few muscles I'd completely forgotten," he admits. "At my age you don't develop any new ones, but in this country you certainly tone up the ones you have. Some of these mornings I feel like 80. But who doesn't?"

Cpl. Hammett was a medic sergeant in the first World War and came out of it with tuberculosis. He recovered from that to become one of the world's best known mystery writers. His books include "The Thin Man," "The Maltese Falcon," "Red Harvest," "The Dain Curse" and "The Glass Key." The last screen play he wrote was "Watch On the Rhine," which starred Bette Davis and Paul Lukas.

Outspokenly anti-Fascist for a good while back, Hammett felt he "couldn't sit idly by, watching others do the job" when the U. S. got into the war. He had a "helluva time" arguing enlistment authorities into accepting him and had all his teeth pulled to improve a condition he thought might keep him from overseas duty.

His Hollywood income has run as high as $3,500 a week. Just now Hammett is drawing $79.20 a month.

—Cpl. FRANK FRIEDRICHSEN
YANK Field Correspondent

## Navy Surgeons Remove Dud Gingerly From Sailor's Left Hip

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—At least one American sailor knows what it means to be a human bomb—and not in a circus, either.

Standing at his post as fire-control man aboard an American warship, Allen L. Gordon of Rock Island, Ill., was struck below the left chest by a 20-mm antiaircraft shell that pierced his intestines and lodged in his left hip. By a freak of chance, the shell did not explode.

Thus began one of the strangest stories of wartime surgery in the South Pacific. After an emergency operation aboard a battleship to sew up his intestinal tract, Gordon was gingerly carried ashore to the Navy's hospital on this island outpost.

Two Navy doctors, working behind steel plates, operated on the sailor and removed the shell from his hip. Throughout the delicate surgery, the medical officers were in constant danger. The sailor might have literally exploded at any minute.

Using small portable X-ray machines, Lt. Cmdr. Harold W. Jacox of Pittsburgh, Pa., and his Navy corpsmen spent several days locating the dud. Then the operation was performed by Lt. Cmdr. Jesse B. Griffith and Lt. William C. Wycoff, both also from Pittsburgh.

The shell was turned over to Marine ordnance. They exploded it and returned the casing to Gordon as a souvenir.

—T/Sgt. JIM LUCAS
Marine Corps Correspondent

## PRISONER'S LAMENT

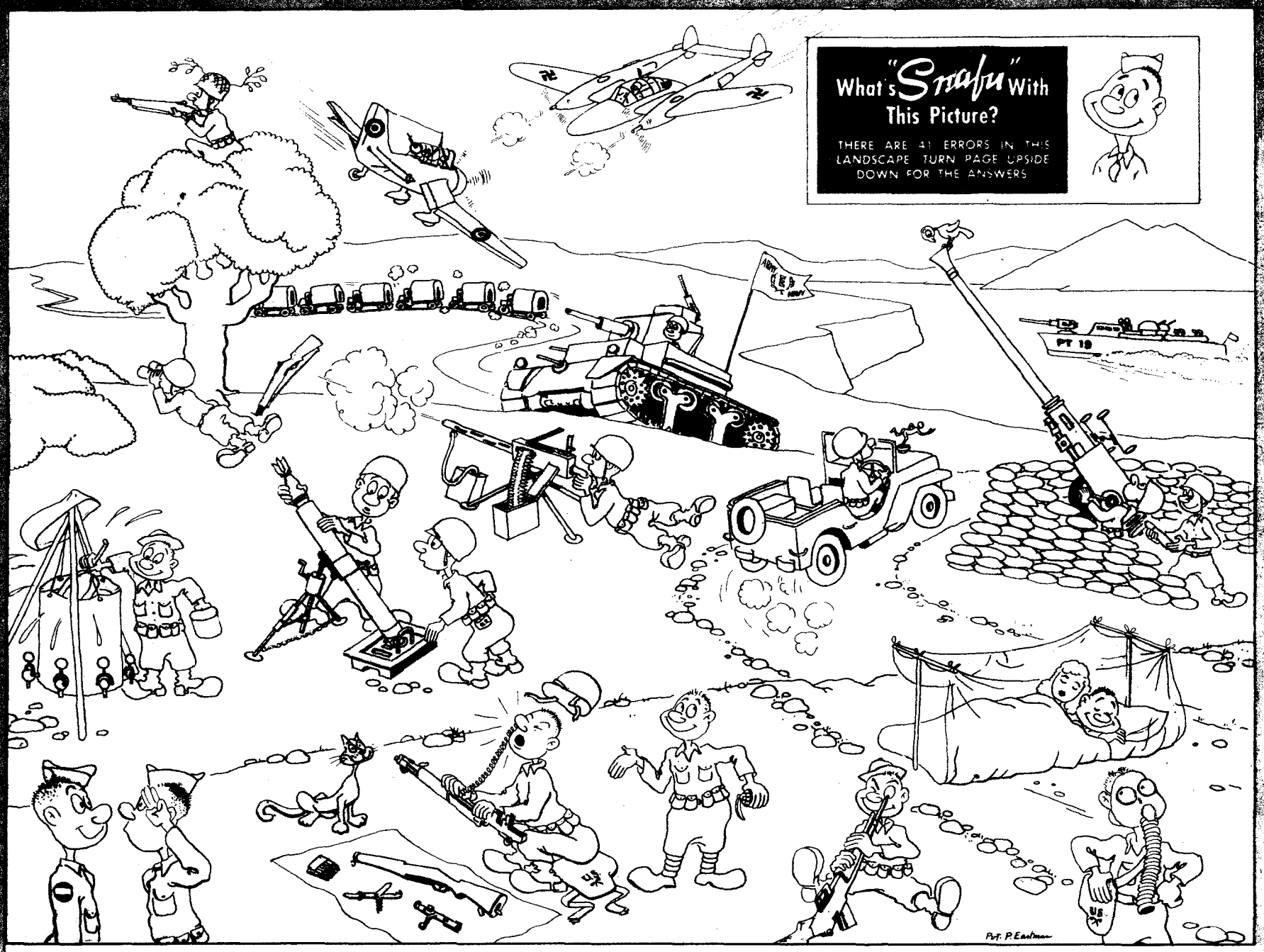
SOMEWHERE IN BRAZIL—A prisoner in the guardhouse here attracted the attention of a sentry and asked the MP to get him some cigarettes. The sentry agreed.

"Thanks," grunted the prisoner through the steel bars of the guardhouse door. "I'll wait right here."

—Cpl. C. O. VANZANT
YANK Field Correspondent



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




**A** GAS mask's no good without a canister attached.

And the carrier is worn on the left side only.

Only Snafus look down rifle barrels. And the magazine of this BAR is in the wrong place.

Wearing last war's spiral puttees doesn't entitle you to stand around with a hand grenade that's about to go boom!

You can't strip your M1 without removing the trigger-housing group. And that little door in the butt *plate doesn't open that way. And where'd that '03* bolt come from, anyway? Incidentally, the combination tool sports no corkscrew. And, above all, stop sitting on that gas mask! (P.S. There are 10 cartridges in that clip.)

Never salute a private, even if his hat is on backwards and his shoulder patch is on the wrong arm. And don't use the boy scout salute, especially a left-handed one.

Since when do guys wash their mess kits in lister bags? And since when do those bags have ice cream-soda spigots?

It's not a good idea to load a mortar projectile backwards. And when the explosion comes, where's your first-aid kit? On the wrong side.

In using your mosquito net, tuck it in all around. Where'd that pillow come from? Moreover, the middle of the road is no place to establish your comfy beauty-rest GI blankets, dame or no dame.

No one can breech-load a Bofors. And those trucks in the convoy are too close together.

The jeep is normally a left-hand drive without radiator ornaments and with the spare tire carried on the right.

A light machine gun isn't water-cooled and Snafu's got the ammunition box backwards, to say nothing of the ammunition belt. And he thinks he can fire it with the cover up.

Snafu is scouting around the left side of that tree. And the lunkhead's got his rifle muzzle stuck in the ground.

Up in the tree, the foliage on Sniper Snafu's helmet isn't doing him much good, the way he's exposed himself.

The bogey wheels on that tank are upside down, there's someone in a hatch where there ain't no hatch and that Army-Navy "E" Pennant shouldn't be flying, especially from a flagpole that shouldn't be growing there.

PT boats carry no cannon on their foredecks.

The Junkers-87 is not a British plane. P-38s seldom sport swastikas. And those are phony swastikas, with their legs on backwards. And latest reports as we go to press indicate that P-38s don't have cannons in their propeller hubs.

## His Turret and Guns Jammed, So Erno Bluffed Japs Over Wake

AN AIR BASE IN THE PACIFIC—When Sgt. Erno Kovacs of Stratford, Conn., went on his first raid, against Japanese-occupied Wake Island, all he got was tracking and sighting practice. Not that there was any lack of Japs; 10 Zeros met the B-24 a half hour this side of Wake. It was just that the belly turret and the guns of the Liberator wouldn't work.

"We couldn't test the guns going out," Erno explained. "The turret would cause drag and we'd lag behind. When the Japs came out to meet us, I couldn't fire properly. But they didn't know that. A Zero came straight for our nose, rolled over and came underneath to get a hit at our belly. I kept aiming so he wouldn't know I couldn't fire."

The Liberator, known as *Dumbo*, came through all right, and Kovacs went back on a second raid the next day. This time his guns were working. "But those so-and-sos," he said, "didn't come in close enough for me to get a shot." Besides the two long missions to Wake Island, the 21-year-old gunner went on five search missions, all in less than two weeks after his assignment to this heavy-bombardment squadron.

Before he joined the Army, Kovacs painted the insides of fuselages at a Vought-Sikorsky aircraft factory. His mother, two brothers and a sister are working in war plants back home. Erno said he thinks about them often, but mostly about the girl Genevieve, who saw his picture in the paper when he graduated from Buckley Field gunnery school and wrote him.

"It was a swell picture," Erno said. "I had on my leather jacket and a white scarf. Boy, I looked sharp." Genevieve's pictures are swell, too. She's been to call on Mrs. Kovacs, who sent back a fine report. "When this thing is over, I'm going back and meet her myself," Erno grinned.

—Sgt. HOBERT SKIDMORE
YANK Field Correspondent



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# GIs Discuss Post-War Plans

***Opinions from enlisted men overseas and at home on the many problems we will face when the time comes to construct a better, peaceful world for all nations.***

### *A Program from Guadalcanal*

**1.** Just as the machinery of government is being used to achieve full war production, the same power after the war should be employed to keep our peace economy going at full blast and get us back to work. A program for demobilization of servicemen will be the trigger to an era of economic expansion that will benefit the nation as a whole. The Government should insure: *a*) Mustering-out pay. *b*) Jobs or job-assurance pay until we get jobs. *c*) Help for servicemen who want to farm, in the form of assistance in purchasing land, implements, seed, etc. *d*) School opportunities for those wanting retraining and further study. *e*) Health and dental insurance. *f*) Adequate housing for all servicemen and their families. *g*) Generous and unstinting care for the disabled.

**2.** The United States must accept a responsible part in building a system of international security and promoting measures to insure peaceful arbitration of disputes: *a*) An Anglo-Soviet-China-U. S. alliance and nonaggression pact as a nucleus of world security in which the vanquished nations will ultimately take their places. *b*) A United Nations servicemen's entente to facilitate post-war collaboration and understanding. *c*) Retention of one year's military service for all persons 18 years old to keep America strong. *d*) Internationalization of the world's airways by making reciprocal arrangements for use of the world's airports under international control.

**3.** Geared to full employment and enjoying an expanding economy, the United States should use its resources to help the people of other nations achieve a higher standard of living. This is hard-headed realization that starving populations will be prey to every international adventurer who comes along. Specifically we should: *a*) Implement the decisions of the United Nations Conference on food and agriculture. *b*) Participate in the work of the international labor organizations and international agencies for the coordination of credit and money policies. *c*) Continue the Hull program for breaking down trade barriers. *d*) Adopt a policy to improve the standards of living of backward populations rather than view them as sources of cheap labor and raw materials.

*Guadalcanal* —Sgt. JOSEPH LASH

### *Jeeps Instead of Bonuses*

AT THE end of the war the Government expects to have on hand 40 or 50 billion dollars worth of plants, machinery and goods. I am interested in the disposition, direction and control of this surplus government property. At the end of the last war, industrialists feared glutted, wrecked future markets if this equipment was brought back to the States. Undoubtedly, the same pressure will be brought to bear on the grounds that the Government should not compete with business during peacetime.

I would like some consideration given to servicemen, many of whom were little businessmen, some forced out of business because their particular lines were nonessential. Many a man before the war, with the aid of a good motor truck, made an independent living, aided only by his desire to make his own honest way. Why would it not be just and fair to help out these same individuals by giving them trucks, tractors and jeeps in lieu of or in exchange for bonuses, War Bonds or cash?

*Africa* —Pfc. FRANK V. FRENTROP

### *Who Will Do the Police Work?*

LEADING periodicals arriving here from the States have devoted increasing space to post-war planning. The plan I'm most interested in, because it affects me immediately, is the proposal to establish a world police force in which the United States would assume a leading role. A recent *Gallup Poll* revealed that 74 percent of U.S. citizens favored a world police force.

That this is necessary, I heartily concur. However, I have no desire to be part of any such undertaking as I with many others went overseas shortly before the Pearl Harbor attack. Plans doubtlessly have been promulgated for the occupation of Italy, Germany and Japan and their satellites, but I think that those of us who have served overseas for a period of years and have been in combat should be returned home. At the end of the war we'll have a large army, only a portion of which will be overseas.

Is it not equitable that the burden of occupation and policing should fall to those with a short span of service?

*Fiji Islands* —Pvt. L. C. STIX

### *Fix America First*

THE problem is one of economic security after the war. Are we going to be thrown on the scrap heap as in the first World War, or will some attempt be made to place us in jobs, preferably the jobs we held before our induction? Granting an Allied military victory we still see indications of a peace based on Nazi terms. The present wave of unjustified antagonism toward organized labor in the U.S., the zoot-suit riots and racial troubles point to a deliberate attempt by certain minority groups and newspapers to divide the people and break American morale on the home front by the same methods used in pre-Vichy France.

Americans do not naturally fight and hate each other unless led into such actions by demagogues. As a Southerner, I have first-hand experience in such matters and can testify that nine times out of 10 such disturbances are provoked by the baser elements within a community. Our leaders say America must join with Allied nations to keep the peace and police and punish nations guilty of violating peace. What chance have we to make a better world if we do not put our own house in order? Is there not some way we can secure for ourselves the tolerance and belief in democratic principles we find lacking in our enemies?

We must rediscover and reaffirm our faith in the democratic principles our forefathers set up as a free people's concept of good government. If we fail to do this our victory may prove to be a hollow one, and we will live to see the rise of beer-hall demagogues in our own country, if indeed these demagogues are not already in the saddle plotting to force an American *Mein Kampf* upon a people upset by the same type of disorders and disillusionment common to pre-Hitler Germany.

*Tinker Field, Okla.* —Sgt. JOHN C. ROGERS

### *Put in a New Team*

WE AND our pals in Britain, China and Russia will have to work as hard in the post-war years as we have during the war, but in a different way. It's one thing to tear down a house, another thing to build one. We'll have to help millions in Europe, Asia and Africa who are hungry and homeless, then bring back to sanity those who have been fed notions of racial and national superiority—and keep them that way when they're cured.

It's a big order but not too tough for a generation with courage. Maybe some Americans won't agree. There's still an old crowd thinking in terms of 50 years ago who believe we can't cooperate with Russia and think the American people should have less to say and big business more to say about running our country. They even think freedom is for white folks but not for black.

If we win the war, we'll have won our chance to put a new team up to bat. The old crowd may not want to retire. But they will if we decide that way.

*AAB Pueblo, Colo.* —Pfc. GIL HARRISON

### *Poll Taxes and Lynching*

AMONG things I would like to see accomplished, and they needn't wait for the war to be over, are the repeal of the poll tax laws and the passing of an anti-lynching bill. If we can't do these things, how can we plan a post-war world?

—T/Sgt. JOHN D. MACDONALD

*ORTC Unit, Atlantic City, N. J.*

### *World Court*

AFTER the war we should have a world court based on sound principles of democratic government where aggressor nations can be publicly condemned. Social security should be the watchword of all future legislators so that the bugaboos of old age, unemployment, sickness, etc., can be removed from society.

*St. Lucia, British West Indies* —Cpl. MORRIS FOREMAN



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE NAZIS HAVE 30 WORDS FOR IT

***But no matter how thin you slice them, they all mean that the boys are taking it on the lam.***

LIKE the woman Dorothy Parker used to tell about who spoke 15 languages and couldn't say "No" in any of them, the Germans have at least 30 ways of announcing that their Army has had its brains knocked out again without resorting to the use of such horrid words as "defeat" or "surrender."

Anyway, the script writers in the Goebbels office had turned out Number 30, according to a conservative count by Office of War Information scorekeepers, just before we went to press. This latest little gem of careful understatement referred to the pinning-back of the German ears at Smolensk by the Russians. It described the lost town as "evacuated . . . without interference by the enemy."

Of course the boys who retread verbs and adjectives for the Nazi communiques have been working overtime since then to keep up, or rather to keep back, with their retreating generals. So the total will be much higher by the time you read this.

Some of the German methods of avoiding the simple word "retreat" are really ingenious. For instance, DNB, the official Hitler news agency, reported the flight from Bryansk by declaring:

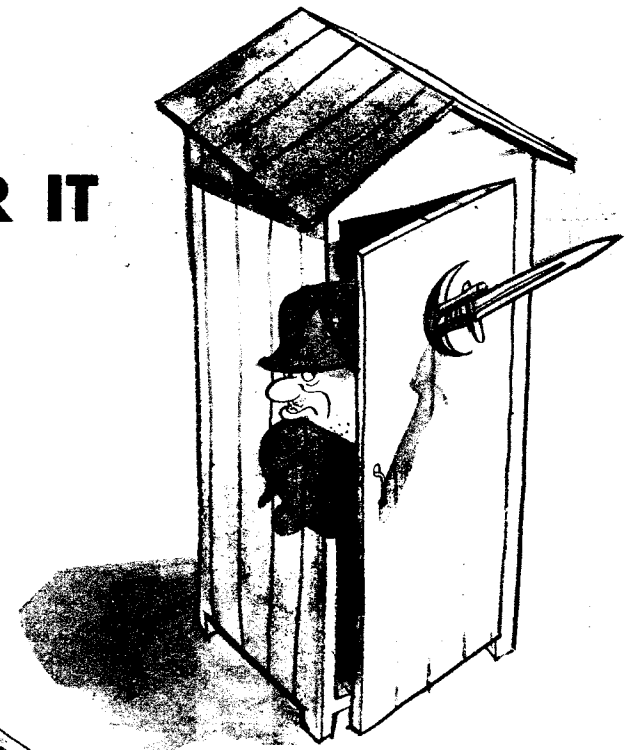
"The bulk of German troops reached a new line without fighting."

According to the Germans, Bizerte was "given up after the destruction of military installations" and "our troops fighting in Tunis occupied positions southwest of the city according to orders." Then in Sicily, the important stronghold of Catania was not given up but "evacuated without the enemy's following on our heels."

Explaining the loss of Calabria and Apulia, they bit their ink-stained finger nails for a long while and came up with a honey:

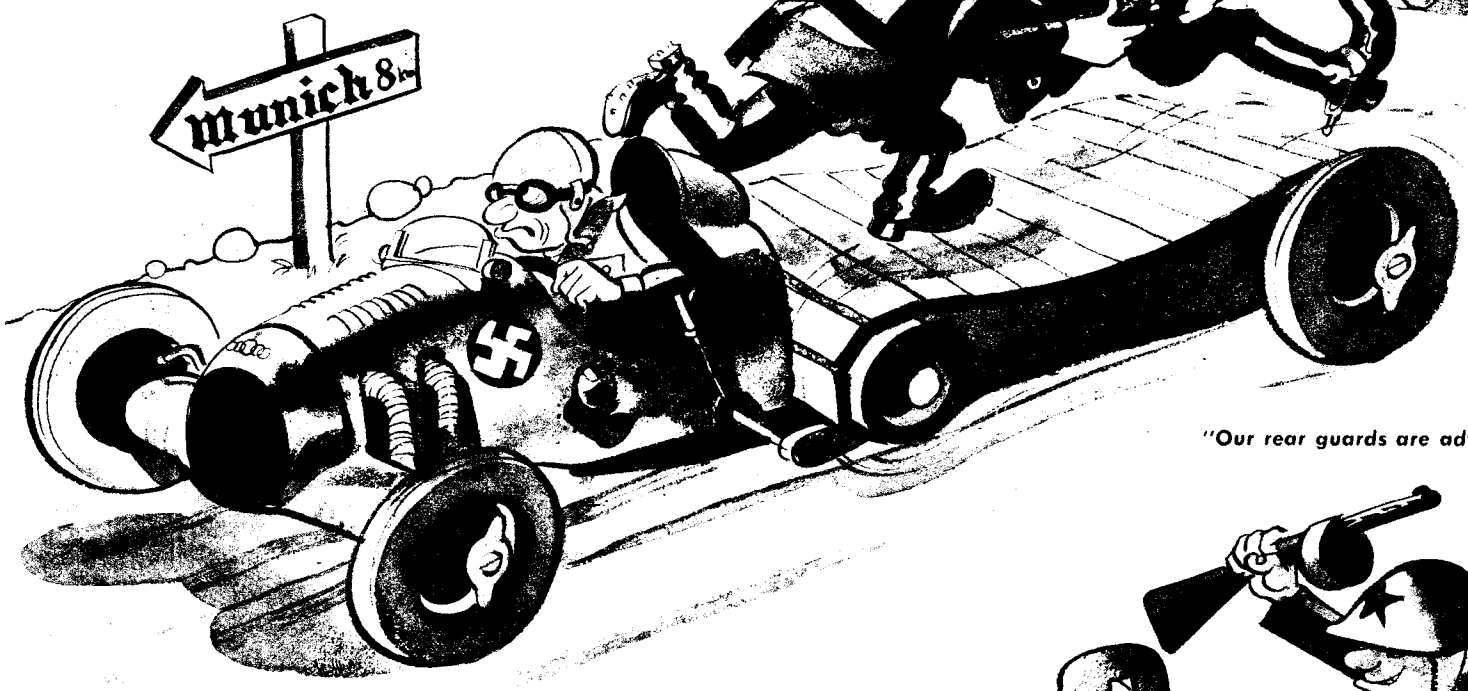
"Our weak covering forces succeeded in breaking away from the enemy without interference."

The favorite way of phrasing a retreat for home consumption in the Reich is that old chestnut, "according to plan." What plan d'ya mean, bud? The Morris Plan?

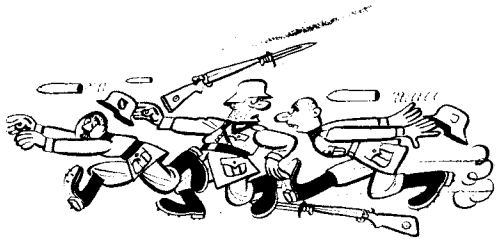


*"Our troops withdrew to new positions outside the city according to plan."*

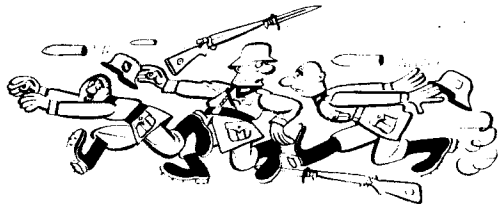
*"We succeeded in shortening the front."*




*"Our rear guards are advancing in mobile defense."*



*"Our troops completed a retrocessive maneuver."*



*"The enemy follows our movements hesitatingly."*

*"Our forces succeeded in detaching themselves from the enemy."*



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Pictures made as the Nazi war m**
**Armies of the Ame**

**BEACH HUGGERS.** U. S. Coast Guardsmen and Navy beach-battalion men hit the sand at Paestum as a Nazi bomber unloads.

**MOVING UP.** With other tanks following, a General Sherman rumbles to a forward position with a couple of Yanks astride.

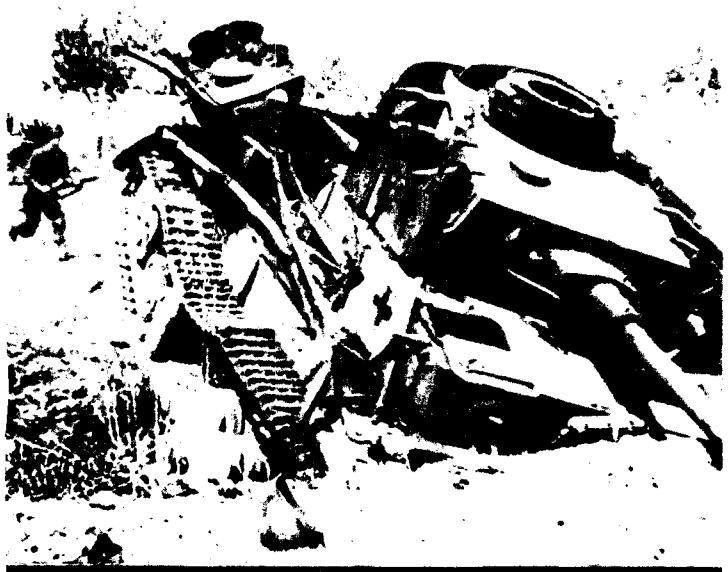
**THE ARTILLERY.** A sergeant yanks the cord of a 105-mm howitzer near Naples and another shell whams into enemy lines.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hine rolled in reverse before the
ans and the British.

**WAR CHIEFS.** Gen. Harold Alexander, Allied ground chief, and Lt. Gen. Mark Clark.

**DOUBLE TIME.** A bunch of surrendering German soldiers run with hands half raised past a detachment of British soldiers holding a ditch position near Salerno.



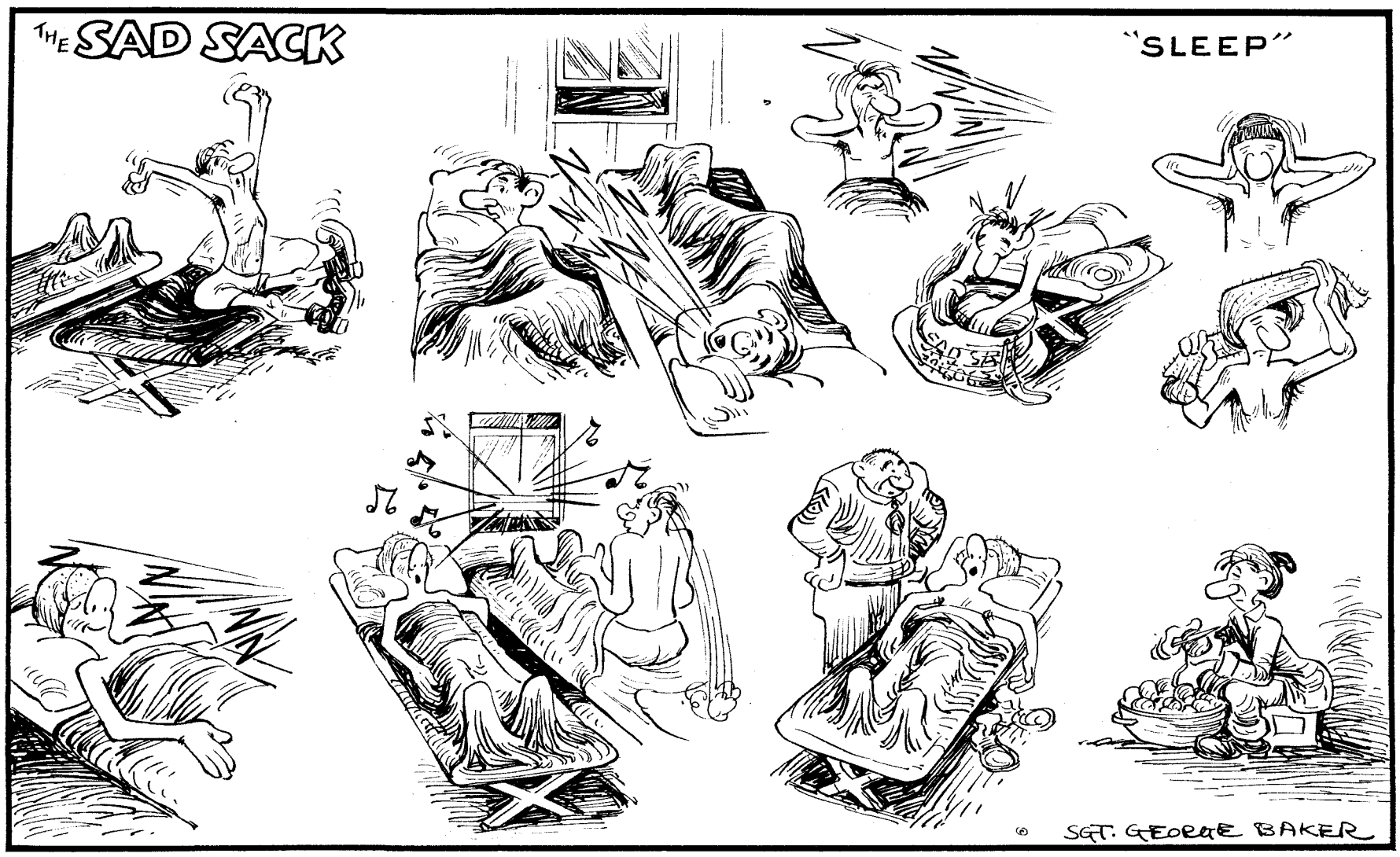
**ONE DOWN.** This shattered Nazi tank marks sector which enemy failed to hold.

**INVASION SUPPORT.** Motorized equipment is unloaded from landing craft.

**THE INFANTRY.** Yanks ferret out Nazi sniper from a battered house near Salerno.

**HE MISSED.** This Nazi soldier was riddled by American bullets before he could get behind the wall. He was in the midst of planting demolitions when surprised.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# Night of the Naked Woman

I'LL never forget the night the naked woman was in our barracks. Our first sergeant rolled in through the back door all out of breath. He's a fat unhealthy young man with a black mustache and a small mouth and very prominent front teeth. Some of the boys call him the Gopher.

"I want a dee-tail!" he puffed.

If it had been duty hours we might have kidded him a little, but since it was after hours we just ignored him. The card game continued and the rest of us kept on with what we were doing—Danny cleaning his rifle, Fletcher staring off into space, me trying to sew a bath towel inside the shoulders of my shirt because we were going hiking next day with full field packs.

"I want a dee-tail to help hunt for a naked woman!" the sergeant said, his little eyes glittering at us.

Some of the new men picked up their ears a little, but nobody said anything.

"I want three volunteers—you, you and you!" The sergeant always said that. He thought it was pretty cute.

Danny, one of the volunteers named, held up his rifle and squinted through the barrel at the first sergeant.

"Dirty bore," Danny observed.

"You guys heard me! I'll throw every last one of you on KP if you get snotty. Now get on your feet!"

The sergeant is a nice guy, but he still gets excited easily. He's always threatening extra duty, but he never does anything about it. If the outfit still is together by Christmas we plan to get him a pen-and-pencil set, with his name engraved on it in gold.

"If there really was a naked woman around, you wouldn't tell us about it," yawned Fletcher.

"I can't catch her by myself!" snapped the sergeant. "I saw her looking in the orderly room window and I ran outside but she hid somewhere."

"You wouldn't want any of us wolves out chasing her tonight," sighed Fletcher, still staring off into space. "It wouldn't be——"

He sat up straight and let his feet drop slowly down off the bunk.

"Sergeant," he said softly, "let's get going on that dee-tail!" Fletcher took off out the front door, with the sergeant right behind him.

In about five minutes Fletcher was back, alone. He just grinned at the boys and didn't say anything, but after a while he came over and sat on my bunk. "I think," he said, very low, "that I saw something white go past that window when the sergeant was here a while ago!"

"Let's not arouse the mob," he added and strolled down towards the back door. In a few minutes I followed, carrying a magazine as if I were going to the latrine.

We looked around outside and under the building and all around the mess hall next door, but we didn't find anything. Over behind the day room we ran into the first sergeant, hiding out in the shadows.

"Take cover, you meat-heads!" he snapped at us. "She'll never come out with you guys strolling around!"

The card game was still going when Fletcher and I got back. Danny was shining his shoes. He was on one of his bucking sprees, and he probably would scrub, shine, sandpaper and polish everything he and the Government owned before he was through. Then he wouldn't touch a thing again for three weeks.

Maddox, one of the new men, started yelling that someone had stolen his wallet. Once about every two weeks Maddox decides his wallet has been stolen, and he starts jigging up and down the aisles and back and forth to the latrine, jabbering and cursing. Finally he always finds it in his barracks bag or shoeshine kit or somewhere. This time it was in his raincoat pocket. After he found it he sat on his bunk counting his money and muttering to himself.

"Lights out!" It was the sergeant's voice over the intercommunication box from the orderly room. The card game continued. I was already in bed and Fletcher was taking a shower. Danny was sandpapering his tent poles, his tongue stuck out between his teeth. I nearly fell asleep.

"Get those lights out, second platoon!" the box yelled at us, and we heard it popping while it waited for an answer.

"Blow it!" replied one of the card players, but in about two minutes the game broke up and one of the new men switched off the lights.

In a little while the box said, "Bed check in four minutes!"

"Don't worry, the beds will all be here!" someone yelled. I had to think for a minute before I recognized the voice. One of the new men; none of us liked the guy. New men, guys who haven't been in the outfit even a year yet, shouldn't talk back to the sergeant like that.

I remember the first sergeant coming through for bed check. Before he left the barracks he stood just inside the front door for a long time, looking out. Then I fell asleep.

NEXT thing I remember was the big noise. A loud clatter of metal and then a thud, and someone yelling, "Dammit to hell!" at the top of his voice. I didn't hear any slap of bare feet on the floor, like some of the men said they did. When we got the lights on we saw Danny getting up from the floor in the aisle. His foot locker was turned over and everything spilled out. He slept in an upper bunk, and the mattress and covers were hanging halfway down off the bed.

"I saw her!" Danny yelled. "She took my blanket!"

The first sergeant came running in the back door all out of wind. "Have you got her, boys?" he screamed.

"She stood there in the dark and pulled off my blanket real gentle," Danny explained for the fifth time.

"I made a dive for her," he added. He reached down to right his foot locker. "I got hold of her but she got away and ran out the front door with one of my blankets!"

I never did see the naked woman myself, so I'm not sure she really existed. Still, what became of Danny's blanket that he had to sign a statement of charges for? And the sergeant must have seen *something* startling to keep him out of his sack that late at night. I can see a lot of reasons why it could have happened. It could happen in any barracks, in yours for instance, tonight. Anyhow, I'll never forget the night it happened in ours.

*Camp Davis, N. C.* —Sgt. RAY DUNCAN



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

## Barnum Was Wrong

THERE are plenty of enemy propaganda rumors being circulated within our Army. We are not surprised about that. After all, the rumor is a perfectly legitimate weapon in modern warfare and the enemy would be a sap if he didn't try to make use of it. It's safe to say that we have probably planted a few rumors of our own —nice fat ones with whiskers—in the bars and men's rooms around Berlin and Munich where they will do us the most good.

But we are surprised at the way that Americans in the armed forces keep falling for these enemy rumors. Not the clever ones, either, but the out-and-out cock-and-bull stories that anybody with even a suggestion of intelligence ought to be able to see through at first glance.

Take, for instance, that rumor about Mrs. Roosevelt and the Marines. You've heard it all over the Pacific and also in Panama, only down there the rumor-spreaders put the Army into it instead of the Marines. The story is that Mrs. Roosevelt made a speech on the radio demanding that no marine should be allowed to return home after foreign service or be allowed to marry until he had proper medical treatment for you-know-what. Not only that, Mrs. Roosevelt was supposed to have said she was in favor of segregating returning marines on an island off the coast until they were certified as clean.

How anybody could believe that one is beyond us. But Mrs. Roosevelt reported in her newspaper column recently that during her travels in the Pacific she heard about marines in New Zealand who not only believed it but were plenty sore about it. None of them, of course, heard it on the radio himself. They got it from somebody who heard it from somebody else.

As Mrs. Roosevelt points out and as any sensible person would know without having it pointed out, no broadcasting company would ever allow her to make such statements over the air. "I have never made them either in public or private because such thoughts have never been in my mind," she adds.

We should be ashamed to admit that the enemy could put over such an obvious fifth-column rumor as this one on the men in our armed forces. But he has put it over; in fact, so successfully that the wife of the President has been forced to make a public denial of the story.

If P. T. Barnum heard about the way some soldiers, sailors and marines swallow rumors, he would probably change his estimation of the birth rate of suckers. In the armed forces, there is one born every 30 seconds.

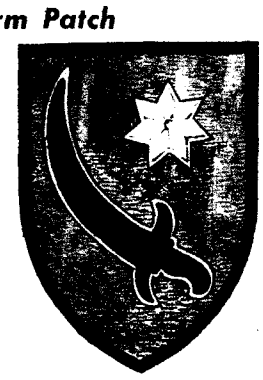
### VAUDEVILLE MAKES A COME-BACK

## STRICTLY GI

### Army CDDs

THE Army has given CDDs to 208,296 men during the 20 months from Pearl Harbor to July 31, 1943, says a WD report. A breakdown of causes for physical-disability discharges shows more than half to be of a miscellaneous nature, while the order of the larger general classifications is: neuro-psychiatric, heart disabilities, impairment of vision, tuberculosis and disabilities resulting from wounds. The report noted an increase in the percentage of GIs getting CDDs as a result of neuro-psychiatric causes. It also included a statement from Maj. Gen. Norman T. Kirk, the Surgeon General, that "the Army has not granted disability discharges to any men who could be used effectively in the military prosecution of this war."

### New Persian Gulf Arm Patch



Here is the new Persian Gulf Service Command arm patch. The design features a seven-pointed white star and a red scimitar on a green field. The star, taken from the flag of Iraq, symbolizes purity, and the curving scimitar, borrowed from the Iranian flag, represents valor. The green background that appears on both flags is symbolic of the agriculture of the two countries.

### GI Shop Talk

The ODB mailed 2,779,194 family-allowance checks totaling $133,929,436 during September 1943, as compared with 36,000 checks for $4,500,000 sent out in September 1942. . . . The carrier-pigeon section of an AAF communications unit in the Southwest Pacific reports that pigeons "in the throes of wooing are the fastest." A record speed of 67.7 miles per hour was made recently by a jealous hen. . . . The town of Lawton, N. Dak., is sending its service men and women a novel Christmas-greetings booklet containing 25 photographs of familiar scenes and persons in the town. . . . More than 75 American soldiers who technically deserted to enlist in the Canadian Army prior to Pearl Harbor have been restored to duty in London and given back their old serial numbers; none was court-martialed. . . . Just a few hours after our troops landed at Adak, Attu and Kiska, fully equipped and ready for business, Army exchanges were set up and in operation. . . . The Safety Education Division of the AAF Flight Control Command is distributing a new booklet, "Swimming Through Fire," as a training aid for AAF GIs.

### Pre-Flight Training

Changes in pre-flight training are in the offing, YANK's Washington Bureau reports, though no official word has been given out. Meanwhile, the present status calls for a 5-week period of basic training for all pre-flight GIs, regardless of age, education and previous service, followed by 5 months of college training with 10 hours of CAA training flights in the last month. Then trainees are classified as pilots, bombardiers or navigators and sent on to regular pre-flight schools.

### ASTP Certificates

The WD announces that successful ASTP trainees will be awarded certificates upon completion of their courses of study. Each certificate, 8 by 10 inches in size, will list the curriculum number, the number of terms completed and the date the training was finished. In the opinion of the ASTP Advisory Committee, work under the program is of such academic level that college credits will be granted to men who wish to return to college as civilians after the duration plus six. Records will be available at the colleges attended for determining their academic credits.

## Washington O.P.

IN a War Department conference, 225 leaders of industry, labor and the press heard soldiers ranking from general to pfc. discuss the Army's strategic and logistic problems and tell just how tough a job lies ahead. Maj. Gen. George V. Strong, head of G-2, revealed that Germany now has nearly three times as many combat divisions in the field as when Poland was attacked and that, despite air losses inflicted by the Allies, the *Luftwaffe* is larger now than in 1939. He told of one of the Nazis' new weapons—a rocket gun weighing less than 1,800 pounds and with fire power equal to that of six heavy field howitzers weighing nine tons apiece. He disclosed also that the Japanese have two million men of military age not yet called to arms because they haven't been needed and nearly as many in the 17-20 age group not subject to draft. On the credit side, Lt. Gen. Joseph T. McNarney said the Germans have practically stopped making bombers to concentrate on fighters, meaning that "Germany has given up hope of winning the war and is turning every effort to keep from losing it." Pfc. James Oden of Brunswick, Md., and Sgt. Frank Christman of Lindale, Calif., both wounded in Sicily, gave a first-hand account of the supply problems of individual soldiers in combat. The industrial, labor and newspaper leaders went home impressed.


### YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; Assistant Managing Editor, Cpl. Justus Schlotzhauer, Inf.; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armd.; Features, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, DEML; Sports, Sgt. Dan Polier, AAF; Overseas News, Cpl. Allan Ecker, AAF.

Washington: Sgt. Earl Anderson, AAF; Cpl. Richard Paul, DEML.
London: Sgt. Bill Richardson, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr.; Sgt. Ben Frazier, CA; Sgt. Walter Peters, QMC; Sgt. Jack Scott, FA; Sgt. Charles Brand, AAF; Cpl. Thomas Fleming, DEML; Sgt. Steven Derry, DEML; Sgt. Louis McFadden, Engr.; Sgt. Durbin Horner, QMC; Sgt. Bill Davidson, Inf.; Pvt. Sanderson Vanderbilt, CA.
Central Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.
Cairo: Sgt. Burgess Scott, Inf.; Sgt. George Aarons, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Walter Bernstein, Inf.
Iraq-Iran: Sgt. Al Hine, Engr.; Cpl. James O'Neill, QMC.
India: Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Inf.; Sgt. Marion Hargrove, FA.
Australia: Sgt. Don Harrison, AAF; Sgt. Dick Hanley, AAF.
South Pacific: Sgt. Mack Morriss, Inf.; Sgt. John A. Bushemi, FA.
New Guinea: Sgt. David Richardson, CA; Cpl. Thomas St. George, Inf.
Hawaii: Sgt. Merle Miller, AAF; Pfc. Richard J. Nihill, CA; Cpl. James L. McManus, CA; Sgt. Robert Greenhaigh, Inf.
Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF.
Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.
Ascension Island: Pfc. Nat G. Bodian, ATC.
Panama: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan, Inf.; Pvt. Dick Harrity.
Puerto Rico: Sgt. Lou Stoumen, DEML; Cpl. Bill Haworth, DEML.
Trinidad: Sgt. Clyde Biggerstaff, DEML.
Surinam: Pvt. Bernard Freeman, AAF.
Nassau: Sgt. Dave P. Folds Jr., MP.
Iceland: Sgt. Gene Graff, Inf.
Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode.
Greenland: Sgt. Edward F. O'Meara, AAF.
Marines: 1st Sgt. Riley Aikman.
Navy: Robert L. Schwartz Y2c; Allen Churchill Y3c.

Officer in Charge, Lt. Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Business Manager, Capt. Harold B. Hawley.

Overseas Bureau Officers: London, Maj. Desmond H. O'Connell; India, Maj. Don Thurman; Australia, Capt. Donald W. Reynolds, 1st Lt. J. N. Bigbee; Cairo, Capt. Robert Strothers; Hawaii, Capt. Charles W. Balthrope; Alaska, Capt. Jack W. Weeks; Panama, Capt. Henry E. Johnson; Iraq-Iran, Capt. Charles Holt; Puerto Rico, 1st Lt. Gerald J. Rock.

YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given, release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entire contents reviewed by U. S. military censors.

Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42d ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.




PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CAMP NEWS

## To Spur Bond Buying

**Camp Pendleton, Va.**—There are going to be two lucky GIs here at the end of the Third War Loan Drive.

To encourage officers and enlisted men to buy bonds, the Officers' Club purchased a $1,000 bond to be given to the GI whose bond number was shot out on a huge rotating wheel, a series of pistol bullets being used to punch out the winning number.

Not to be outdone by the officers, M/Sgt. F. A. Schultz, president of the Sergeants' Club, announced that his organization had purchased a $500 bond to be given as second prize.

## The Bridle Path

**Blytheville Army Air Field, Ark.**—A horse came between Sgt. Rocky Fanelli and his girl back in Louisville. She recently sent him a picture of herself astride a Kentucky thoroughbred. When Fanelli answered her letter, he wrote how greatly he admired her horse. By return mail, she angrily asked: "Who do you love? Me or the horse?"

Fanelli pondered the situation. Finally he cut the horse out of the picture, leaving only the girl. He wrote her what he had done. Now everything is swell again between Fanelli and his girl.

"That was a beautiful horse," Fanelli sighs now and then, reminiscently.

## Big Mouth

**Camp Claiborne, La.**—Pvt. John L. Clark, Co. E, 1,311th Engineer Regiment, was proud of his soldiering ability. Recently he walked up to his CO, prior to an inspection, and said:

"Sir, if you find any rust on my rifle, I will walk with a full field pack for 2 hours every night for 30 days."

Now when the boys ask: "What's Johnnie Clark doing these nights?" they are pointed out the figure of Pvt. Clark walking his 2-hour stretch, loudly cursing the rust-producing Louisiana weather, the eagle eyes of his CO and—his own big mouth.

## AROUND THE CAMPS

**Palm Springs AAF, Calif.**—Cpl. Billie Wardlow, with the WAC detachment here, got playful recently and left a toy snake under the bed of another Wac. Lt. Joyce Went, on an inspection tour, spotted it. Reports say that there isn't a bit of difference between a commissioned and a noncommissioned scream.

**Casper AAB, Wyo.** — Sgt. Silvia Potenzone worked fast on an eight-day furlough. He spent five days convincing his girl, one day getting ready and half a day getting married. Then he headed back to camp. His bride, a war worker, was no slowpoke either. She returned to work still wearing her wedding gown.

**Fort Riley, Kans.**—Sgt. Morris Rutland, of the Staff Judge Advocate's Section, CRTC, has a wound which he says was "suffered in the performance of duty and at the hands of the enemy." The wound, a split finger, was caused by a Japanese officer's sword, a trophy sent back from Attu, which slipped while Rutland was looking it over.

**Camp Barkeley, Tex.**—Pvt. Lewis A. Ayres thinks he has the solution for dispatch runners who might blab about their oral messages. So that they do not reveal their secrets, Pvt. Ayres suggests that they be hypnotized and sent on their way with instructions not to talk unless they hear a certain password.

### PASS THE HERPICIDE, BROTHER

**Geiger Field, Wash.**—Pvt. Dewey Grooms, well-named for his job as GI barber here, is all-out for service for his GI customers. However, with GI haircuts the vogue by order, his efforts are not always appreciated.

Recently, he did a thorough job of grooming on a recruit, and after he had finished, asked: "How about some tonic on your hair?"

"I don't care," answered the recruit calmly. "Do whatever you want with it. There it is all over the floor."

**Camp Lejeune, N. C.**—Worthy of separate note is the record of Gy/Sgt. John C. Cochrane, USMC, who established an official Marine Corps and probably a world's record with an M1 Garand. He scored 337 out of a possible 340.

**Rossford Ordnance Depot, Ohio**—As a private, Eugene Haynes spent a week doing KP from 5 A.M. to 7 P.M. each day. On the sixth day an order came through promoting him to corporal, thereby relieving him of KP. But the next day there he was in the kitchen at 5 A.M., ready to go to work. Commented Cpl. Haynes: "What the hell. I couldn't let the mess sergeant down at the last minute, could I?"

### HAVING SWELL TIME

**Fort Benning, Ga.** —The CO of one of the Infantry School units here received the following telegram from a GI on furlough:

HAVING SWELL TIME STOP WOULD LIKE 10 DAY FURLOUGH EXTENSION.

The CO answered it in the same spirit, with:

HAVING SWELL TIME TOO STOP EXTENSION DENIED.

**MacDill Field, Fla.**—GIs stand around the pool table in the 313th Bombardier Squadron day room and wonder as Cpl. Julius Marcus does his stuff. A pool shark, Cpl. Marcus nevertheless has a word to the wise in his admonition to "beware of the fellow who wants to play for money. Pool is a great 'sucker racket.'" Marcus held the Tri-City championship in his home state, New York.

### CLERICAL ERROR

**Boise Barracks, Idaho**—Charlie Strong, first sergeant with 27 years' continuous service, was recently reclassified as too old for combat duty. He was transferred in grade to a reception center where he got the usual jeep treatment. After sweating out 2 months there, he was shipped here through a clerk's error for *basic training*.

To top it all, he's been told to take off his chevrons since it might be embarrassing for some corporal in charge of a detail in whose ranks Charlie might be.

**Camp Pickett, Va.**—Mathematical probabilities got stretched here with the discovery that two GIs bear the same last initial and the same last four numbers in their ASNs. Pfc. Sidney B. Barnett, 12144680, and Cpl. Harold E. Beghtol, 36044680, are both members of Battery A, 117th FA Bn., and undoubtedly are a source of irritation to the QM laundry.

**ASTU, V. P. I., Blacksburg, Va.**—Romance took it on the chin with the notice recently posted on the bulletin board here which covered delinquencies. Pvt. J. Armstrong headed the list with this "crime": "Sitting on campus with arm around young lady."

**Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyo.**—Cpl. Edwin Milkkola can't afford to let superstition get the best of him. He left here recently to join the 13th noncom gas class at Edgewood Arsenal, Md. When he got on the train, he noticed that his ticket called for Pullman upper 13.

**Rapid City AAB, S. Dak.**—Cpl. Bernard Antopol, assistant AB Squadron CQ recently, was rather sleepy when the alarm woke him at 5:45 A. M. Rubbing his eyes and with faltering steps he went into the lower bay of the barracks and yelled: "All right, you guys—hit the hay—hit the hay." Then he turned on the lights.

What's new, bud, or funny around your camp? Got a bit of news or an interesting picture or feature? Well, what are you waiting for? Send it in to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., with a request that it be forwarded to YANK, The Army Weekly.

**THE CHAMP.** Sgt. Joe Louis, king of all the heavyweights, gets a smile out of Pvt. Ralph McAlister during a tour of the Fort Eustis (Va.) hospital.

**RANKING NONCOM.** M/Sgt. Charles H. Dean, line chief for B-24s at Maxwell Field, Ala., enlisted in 1905, has been in aviation since 1909, when he worked with Wright brothers in early experiments.

**HIGH INSPECTOR.** Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson salutes the colors as he inspects the 247th AAA Searchlight Battalion at the AAA Training Center, Camp Edwards, Mass. He is accompanied by the battalion commander, Lt. Col. Frank McLaughlin.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**INDIAN SOLDIER.** Pvt. Henry Spotted Eagle, in AAFTC radio school at Scott Field, Ill., belongs to Sioux tribe.

**WAC DREAM.** Perhaps they'd like to look and dress like this all the time, but the girls have got a war to win. The object of admiration is Pfc. Sandra E. Gebert, trying out an evening gown in the barracks at Fort Brady, Mich.

**GENERAL KP.** Both Pvt. D. Greene and Pvt. T. Crittenberger, at the ARTC, Fort Knox, Ky., are sons of generals.

**WAR GAMES.** It's about the closest they can get to the real thing at Camp Barkeley, Tex. In this picture, which is as dark as war, a rear machine gunner on an 11th Armored Division scout car keeps a sharp lookout over the Sabine River, which he has just crossed on a ponton bridge. The ponton float beyond him carries soldiers who are setting off smoke pots in the river to screen the movement of an armored column.

**STEADY NERVES.** They probably help to account for Cpl. Earl C. Frank's firing record at Tinker Field, Okla. With a carbine M1, he made a score of 199 out of a possible 200. He'll do better next time.

**MOUNTAINEER TOPS.** All 12 of these first sergeants, with the 253d Regt., 63d Div., at Camp Blanding, Fla., hail from West Virginia. Front row (l. to r.): Hubert A. Reda, Charles J. Rhodes, Edward J. Rykowski, Charles Dean, Robert H. Curry and Monroe Nichols. Standing (l. to r.): James C. Harvey, Floyd M. Hamilton, James A. Emerson, Paul L. Benson, Jennings A. Wolfe and Joseph P. Falkenstein.

**JACKSON JIVE.** A soldier's swing session is going into action for the weekly Monday night broadcast from Fort Jackson (S. C.) studios, which have a local outlet through a Columbia (S. C.) station. At the mike are Cpl. Rudy de Leonardis, trumpeter, and Pfc. Aaron Hirsch, violinist. Rudy used to blow that trumpet in Harry James' orchestra; Aaron was musical conductor for the revue "Sons o' Fun."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

*Renaudin* *Brayboy* *Norman* *Zaharski* *Jacobowitz* *Sabrier*

**Pfc. Eldon Renaudin** at a S. Pacific advance base has corresponded officially for months with T/Sgt. Robert Hall at a rear echelon. Neither knows the other personally. Renaudin, having seen Hall's picture here some time ago, sends this message: "Now that we've both seen what the other looks like, let's get on with the war." . . . **Pvt. Otis Brayboy** of Brooklyn, N. Y., now in Australia, tells his brother, James Brayboy, Camp Lee, Va.: "When you're on furlough, drop in and kiss Doris for me." . . . **Cpl. William J. Norman** of New York City, now in Panama, tells Sgt. Joseph Valenson, S. Pacific: "I got a letter from Mitch and he says Pat O'Shaughnessey is with the MPs in Jersey."

**T-5 Leonard F. Zaharski** of Cleveland, Ohio, sends a message from the S. Pacific to his home-town friend, Pfc. Charles Bittner in N. Africa: "Send me a picture of yourself through YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. I'm anxious to see how much you've changed in the last five years." . . . **Pvt. Dave Jacobowitz**, Co. A, 518 MP Bn., Fort Jay, N. Y., tells his brothers, Pvt. Jack Jacobowitz in Sicily and Pfc. Nat Jacobowitz in Honolulu: "Frances had a girl Friday, Sept. 10. How does it feel to be uncles?" . . . **Pfc. Jules Sabrier**, Newfoundland, asks Cpl. Jules Senentz, New Guinea: "Hello, Jules, do you still expect to go on week-end parties at Grand Isle?"

# Mail Call

## Reserved for Officers

Dear YANK:

Recently, several of us sweated out a line to be among the first to enter the theater to attend a USO-sponsored stage show. After waiting so long we expected a seat in the "baldheaded row," but what do we find? That's right, 150 of the best seats in the front section had been reserved for officers. Why should we stand in line for hours while the officers can walk in any time without having to worry about getting a seat? We have been told that these shows are being put on for the benefit of enlisted men, yet we have to sit so far from the stage that the performers appear as gray clouds. Ours is for equality in the matter of theater seats, and to let the officers stand in line with the rest of us if they wish to see an enlisted man's show.

*Camp Crowder, Mo.* —**1st Sgt. CHARLES H. FRAZEE***

*Letter also signed by Cpls. Francis H. Mack, George F. Jackson, Roman B. Gojewski, Robert J. Hartet, Punkin Platt and Robert Engler.

## Missing Heir

Dear YANK:

I wonder if there is a YANK reader who can tell me who I am? I was an adopted child, but the adoption was not legal so there is no record of it. I have been told I was born in Portland, Oreg., in February 1910. I have a paper saying: "I, B. C. Butler, leave Frank Cummings (me) in care of Mrs. Ione Elmore (my foster mother) who promises at all times to inform me of her address and allow me to see the boy at any time." This is signed by B. C. and B. F. Butler and is not dated. My foster mother is dead and the whereabouts of the foster father is unknown. No one I know can furnish help. I've tried the birth records and police departments of Oregon without success. I understand I have a brother, and as YANK is read the world over, he may see this. My address is 100th Hq. Sq. & AAB Sq., Fairfield-Suisun Air Base, Calif.

*Fairfield, Calif.* —**Cpl. FRANK W. ELMORE**

## Sports

Dear YANK:

I have just read about Whirlaway in an August issue of YANK. Does YANK's sports editor always have to write about northern horses and sports? How about Roman Soldier? He was a southern horse and plenty good. We also have good sports down south, too. I'm from Charlotte, N. C., and there are a lot of southern boys over here in England. So won't you sometimes give us some news from there? By the way, we have a fellow Polier who writes for the Charlotte *News*—write to him sometimes. He'd give you the low-down on the south.

*England* —**Pvt. ROBERT M. WARE**

■ That fellow Polier from the Charlotte *News* is now Sgt. Dan Polier of the U. S. Army. He has been the sports editor of YANK since last January and he happens to be the same guy who wrote the story about that Northern horse, Whirlaway.

## New Champions

Dear YANK:

In a September issue of YANK Sgt. Tubey Brannon, Alaska, claimed to have written 697 letters to his girl in the past 2 years. . . . I have a better story: Pfc. Donald J. Van Deusen, in my headquarters, has written 750 letters to his wife at Park Ridge, Ill., in only 11 months' service. He has written a total of 2,400,000 words and has spent $30 in special-delivery stamps.

*ASTP, University of Kentucky* —**Cpl. CARMEN SIDOTI**

Dear YANK:

I can top your story about Pvt. Tom Corbally in New Guinea, who after 18 months' service jumped from private to master sergeant in 20 days. . . . John V. Meehan of Brooklyn, N. Y., now in Hq. Co., 307th Inf., 77th Div., jumped from private to first sergeant in only 5 months' service.

*Desert Training Center, Calif.* —**Pvt. SAM BRITT**

## Veterans' Organizations

Dear YANK:

The veterans of this war can't overlook the offer of the old American Legionnaires. Because of their experience you can look to them for guidance, and they won't mislead you. Their experience in hospitalization of the disabled, championship of the national defense issues, and their suppression of worms who can be qualified as "haters" and "baiters" is a consideration which you won't want to pass up.

*Canada* —**Maj. E. W. SEARS**

Dear YANK:

I think the veterans of this war should form a more democratic organization than the American Legion. The American Legion has been one of the biggest strike-breaking forces our country has had, and the American Civil Liberties Union has given several instances of the American Legion's discrimination against civil liberties and constitutional rights.

*Fort Dix, N. J.* —**Pvt. FRANK HARE**

## Discussion Groups

Dear YANK:

YANK should insist upon the inclusion in every training program of a weekly period of discussion, lecture or interpretation to bring to the men the reason and meaning of our participation in this struggle with Fascism.

*AAB, New Orleans, La.* —**Cpl. HARRY BLASK**

## Challenge

Dear YANK:

In a September issue of YANK you said William Freeman, 6th Armored Division, Camp Cooke, Calif., was the only T-6 in the Army. Without wishing to start an argument we want to draw your attention to a picture of T-6 Blitz, mascot of the Prisoner of War Camp, Ashford General Hospital, W. Va. T-6 Blitz ranks from June 12, 1943, and has no prospects for promotion since he's in a class by himself. I hope you publish T-6 Blitz's picture in order to make up for your recent slight in publishing T-6 Freeman's picture as the one and only.

—**M/Sgt. JOHN M. MORAN**
*Ashford Gen. Hospital, W. Va.*

## Complaints Dept.

Dear YANK:

I read with interest YANK's description in a September issue of the WAC Service ribbon: "rayon moire with moss-green center and old-gold edges." . . . You should see my Pearl Harbor ribbon. It's of the purest spun cotton-wool-rayon-silk in buttercup yellow with the dearest little stripes of rosy red, driven-snow white, and the prettiest cobalt-cerulean-baby blue adorning each end. Really, it's just too, too.

*Trinidad* —**Sgt. WARREN T. McCREADY**

Dear YANK:

May I suggest eliminating the lengthy bylines that adorn the end of articles in YANK? Why not use YFC instead of YANK Field Correspondent, YWB instead of YANK Washington Bureau? If this system involves YANK with Washington alphabet agencies, at ease! However, AP, INS and UP have used initials with great success for some time. Often a four- or five-line communique in YANK is overshadowed by the writer's name, military rank and a whole cluster of bold-faced type stating his correspondent's status.

*Supply Squadron, Alaska* —**S/Sgt. U. E. IVES**

# MESSAGE CENTER

**A.** Cpl. GEORGE ALUSKA of Philadelphia, Pa., once at Sioux Falls, S. Dak., write to Cpl. Ralph Cohen, 8th Hv. Bomb. Proc. Hq., Scott Field, Ill. . . . WILLIAM JEFFERSON AMASON, Navy, get in touch with T-5 Printes N. Stubbs, Co. B, 758 Ry. Shop Bn., Camp Millard, Bucyrus, Ohio.

**K.** A/C CHARLES KARABETSOS, once at Camp Callan, Calif.: write Cpl. Victor P. Vergara, Serv. Btry., 399th FA Bn., North Camp Polk, La. . . . HARRY and WALTER KITTLES: write Pvt. Glen H. Harrison, Btry. E, 202d CA (AA), Seattle, Wash. . . . Sgt. MORTON KLATZKIN, Guatemala: write Pvt. Aaron Levy, PO Box 347, Cary Hall, South, West Lafayette, Ind. . . . PHIL KRAUSE, in Bks. 1242, Sioux Falls, S. Dak., last December: write T/Sgt. R. S. Kuoll, 464th Bomb. Sq., AAB, Casper, Wyo. . . . STEVE KRZNOVCKI AOM3c, of Buiger, Pa.: write Cpl. William Novaski, Med. Det., 307th Inf., Desert Tng. Center, Los Angeles, Calif.

**L.** Cpl. JOHN LARSEN, once stationed near San Diego, Calif.: write Cpl. Bartholomew C. Jereb, 62d Bomb. Sq., Davis Monthan Field, Ariz. . . . Cpl. SEYMOUR LEVY, once at Camp Stewart, Ga.: write to Cpl. Jules Grossberg, Co. U, 801st STR, Camp Murphy, Fla. . . . Pvt. WALTER LIPPMAN, who took basic training at Miami, Fla.: write Pvt. Murray Rosen, Co. G, 2d CWS Regt., Camp Sibert, Ala. . . . Pvt. GORDON FRANCIS LITTLE, once at Fort Thomas, Ky.: write Pvt. James Little, Sta. Hosp., Ward 5, Dow Field, Maine. . . . S/Sgt. J. LIVINGSTON, last address, APO 302, New York: write Cpl. Emanual H. H. Jacobs, Sig. Corps, Camp Hale, Colo.

**M.** Capt. ROBERT MAHONEY, a member of the 1st Air Depot Advance Zone, France, in the last war: write T/Sgt. Nick M. Dota, 310th Depot Repair Sq., Rome Army Air Field, N. Y. . . . LOUIS J. MATTINGLY Jr. of Washington, D. C., once at Fort George G. Meade, Md.: write Sgt. John J. Harte, 624 Bomb. Sq. (D), 405th Bomb. Sq., Drew Field, Fla. . . . S/Sgt. W. J. McKEEN, an aerial gunner overseas: write S/Sgt. R. E. McHugh, 391st Bomb. Sq., 34th Bomb. Gp., Blythe, Calif. . . . Lt. WILBUR H. McLAUGHLIN, USMC, write to your brother, Cpl. Ralph S. McLaughlin, Hq. Det. A, SPOE, Fort Lawton, Wash. . . . EDWARD and GEORGE McNAMARA, formerly of New York City: write Sgt. Gilbert McNamara, 12 CAMP Bn., Fort Miles, Del. . . . Sgt. JOHN MEGYESI, Africa, formerly at Wright Field, Ohio: write Cpl. Louis Kondas, 479th FGTS, HAAF, Harlingen, Tex. . . . S/Sgt. EMANUEL MOKOL, an aerial gunner overseas: write S/Sgt. R. E. McHugh, 391st Bomb. Sq., 34th Bomb. Gp., Blythe, Calif. . . . JOHN MURRY of St. Louis, Mo.: write Sgt. Fred J. Slay, 877 PTTS, Laughlin Field, Tex.

**N.** JACK L. NEALON, Navy: write Pfc. Guido A. Tuana, SCU 1996, NSC, MP Sta., 1250 N. Main St., Los Angeles 12, Calif. . . . Sgt. DAVID NESSLE of Arizona, last heard from in a Chemical Warfare unit in Utah: write Cpl. William T. Hobbs, 23d AC Sq., Bks. 331, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. . . . ROGER NOLAND, aerial gunner: write Pvt. Arch D. Smith, 1000th Boat Co., Elgin Field, Fla.

**O.** S/Sgt. JAMES RALPH O'CONNOR of New York City, last heard from at Atlantic City, N. J.: write Lt. W. B. Synnott, Bldg. 542 Rm. 35, Fort Monmouth, N. J. . . . Sgt. DANIEL O'LEARY, once in 41st Inf. Armd.: write CWO Gordon R. Donnally, Hq., Btry. 701, AAA Gun Bn., Newport, R. I. . . . T-5 JAMES J. OSTENDORF, band member, somewhere in Attu or Kiska: write Pfc. Joseph J. Corrigan, Sta. Hosp. No. 1, Ward A-1, Scott Field, Ill.

**P.** GEORGE PARKES, Santa Ana, Calif., in 1942: write Lt. J. V. Casey, Btry. C, 29th FA Bn., Fort Dix, N. J. . . . BILLIE PEARCE of Houston, Tex., and Regina, N. Mex.: write Sgt. Rupert H. Reynolds, 6th Tng. Det., Harlingen Army Air Field, Tex. . . . Pvt. CARL PETERSEN, once at Fort Eustis, Va., in Anti-Aircraft: write Pvt. Norman A. Schorr, Co. A, 304 Sig. Opn. Bn., Camp Swift, Tex. . . . GEORGE R. PIERCE, once at Camp Luna, N. Mex.: write Pfc. S. Prince, 72 AD Sq., Walla Walla, Wash. . . . HAROLD E. PIERCE, once at AAB, Richmond, Va.: write Pvt. G. Rindone, 44th Hq. & Hq., Hendricks Field, Fla. . . . Pfc. DANIEL POLONOWSKI, once at Camp Swift, Tex.: write Pvt. Aaron Levy, PO Box 347, Cary Hall, South, West Lafayette, Ind. . . . Pvt. JOSEPH F. PRICE, once in the 2d Engr., Fort Logan, Calif.: write Pvt. Clifton P. Underwood, Co. L, 152d Inf., Camp Livingston, La. . . . Pvt. HARRY L. PRIMM, Puerto Rico: write S/Sgt. Fred Spruil', 782 TSS, Lincoln Air Base, Nebr. . . . HOWARD PTACEK, USNTC, Great Lakes, Ill.: write Elias Lesko S1c, Armed Guard Center, New Orleans, La.

**Q.** DON QUILL of San Bernardino, Calif.: write Pfc. Claude Evans, 3d Comm. Sq., Goodfellow Field, Tex. . . . Anyone knowing what happened to WILLIAM A. QUINLAN, AAF in Egypt: write Sgt. Irish Quinlan, H & S Co., 178th Engr. C. Bn., Camp Gruber, Okla.

**R.** RICHARD H. RACE BM2c: write Sgt. Merrill Lewis, Serv. Co., 264th Inf., Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark. . . . Capt. FRANCIS B. RANG of Hagerstown, Md., and Williamsburg, Va., navigator in AAF: write Pvt. William B. Wilkinson, Tng. Det., Peterson Field, Colo. . . . JOE REAGAN, once at Keesler Field, Miss., and Scott Field, Ill.: write S/Sgt. Robert M. Small, Comm. Sq. Det., Great Bend Army Air Field, Kans. . . . DAVE ROBERTS of Eagle Rock, Calif., now in New Guinea: write T-5 Lloyd Prout, 603 Erie Ave., Takoma Park, Md. . . . EDWARD ROSENTRATER, with the Navy in the Pacific: write Lt. B. E. Rosentrater, 804th L. M. Co., Ord. Dept., Camp Adair, Oreg. . . . M/Sgt. HARRY RUPE, once in the 3d Transport Sq.: write M/Sgt. Woodrow Gephart, Brooks Gen. Hosp., Fort Sam Houston, Tex.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the officers who volunteered for the test, sketched by Sgt. Duncan.

*They found that a horizontal canopy over the raft gives better visibility and protection from the sun.*

# Rubber Raft Test

## Air Force men volunteer for six-day experiment in the Gulf of Mexico.

Pvt. Robert Akers, a lab technician, made medical tests of men each day.

**By S/Sgt. GREGOR DUNCAN**

EIGHT Air Force men drifted on the waters of the Gulf of Mexico for six days recently without strangling a sea gull, slugging a shark or writing a diary. But they did come back with complete teleoroentgenograms, electrocardiograms, classy urinalyses—and high praise for the fatigue hat.

These volunteers, five officers and three enlisted men, went down to the sea in two rubber rafts to make practical medical studies of physical and mental reactions of castaways under the joint auspices of the Air Sea Rescue and Medical Sections of the Flight Control Command and the Medical Branch of the AAF School of Applied Tactics. Here are some of their conclusions:

The best thing to do about water—the castaway's main worry—is to drink it, not hoard it. One officer drank 2½ quarts of fluid a day (water, orange juice, soup) for five days before the trip, downing 3½ quarts before boarding the raft. Then he fasted from food and water for 96 hours. At the end of the time, he seemed less thirsty than the others who had fasted only 24 hours. This throws a different light on the accepted practice of doling out water drop by drop. It proves you can keep it with you if you drink a lot at the beginning.

The fatigue hat seems to be the best protection from the sun. If recommendations from this experiment are accepted, a hat for each man will be included in rubber-raft emergency kits.

Sgt. Tommy Chancey, Cpl. Gilbert Bowman and Cpl. Aubrey (Red) Nelson, the three enlisted men in the party, found that it is a waste of time to fish for big fish, which break lines and run away with bait. They suggested small bait and tackle for the kits.

Ducking yourself in the water, clothes and all, cuts down thirst if you take care to stay in the shade of the raft canopy afterward.

Cotton socks come in handy. There's only one way to lie in a life raft—sideways, with legs dangling over the side. Your shins will get badly sunburned unless you protect them with socks.

Other recommendations for improvement in rubber-raft equipment:

An additional mast holder and sectional oars should be included to allow a second mast at the aft end of the raft.

Stretching a canopy horizontally over the raft, instead of stretching it in a sloping fashion from the front mast to the aft end, gives the men better visibility and protection from the sun.

Signaling mirrors, sun glasses and a sponge for bailing should be included in the emergency kit.

All the volunteers took the Form 64 physical examination for flying both before and after their six days on the rafts. Although they were weary at the end of the trip, a comparison of both exams showed only slight variations. The average weight loss per man for the week was about a pound a day, with the fatter men losing the least and the thinner men losing the most. Their circulatory systems showed no signs of deterioration and their eyesight was the same as before the test, despite constant exposure to severe glare and wind.

*Cpl. Bowman, in a one-man raft, comes to the tender for chow.*



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**BROADWAY.** A new ruling requiring that all tables must border on a three-foot aisle leading to an exit will cut capacities of all niteries here. . . . Frank Fay gave out with gags galore to keep order among the customers as a fire broke out in a building adjoining the Shubert Theater where he is starring in "Laugh Time." . . . Gypsy Rose Lee's play, "The Naked Genius," starring Joan Blondell, took it on the chin from the critics in Boston, but it is being doctored up for an early Broadway showing. . . . Raymond Massey has been signed for the male lead opposite Katharine Cornell in "Lovers and Friends." . . . Billy Rose's musical, "Carmen Jones," will open in the Erlanger Theater, Philadelphia, prior to going on the boards here. . . . Choo Choo Johnson, the cover girl, left the cast of one Broadway show, "Early to Bed," for a spot in another, "Star and Garter." . . . Flatbush Theater, Brooklyn, is going strictly legitimate for the first time in 10 years.

*Joan Blondell*

**AIR WAVES.** Barbara Fuller, in "Terry and the Pirates," marked her 12th year as an actress with NBC. . . . Diane Courtney replaces Joan Roberts as vocalist on the Texaco Sunday evening half-hour. . . . Johnny Neblett, sportscaster of the Red Bird baseball games over WBNS, Columbus, will also broadcast all Ohio State grid contests this season. . . . The National Theater Conference playwriting Contest, its deadline extended to Dec. 1, has added a class of competition for radio plays, for which prizes totaling $250 are offered. . . . A breakdown of negotiations between the orchestra management and the musicians' local caused cancelation of the proposed 26-week program of Saturday afternoon broadcasts of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which were to have originated from the Academy of Music.

**HOLLYWOOD.** Veronica Lake will co-star with Eddie Bracken in "True to the Navy," and next will portray the title role of "Victoria Grandolet." . . . Continental star Lenore Aubert will have the second lead in "International Zone." . . . MGM signed Jimmy Durante to a new contract after a preview of his starring role in "Two Sisters and a Sailor." . . . Evelyn Keyes and Edmund Lowe have been cast for starring roles in "Nine Girls." . . . John Wayne is part owner of the Victorville (Calif.) Rodeo Association. His partners include Harry Carey, Andy Devine and two professional rodeo men. . . . Eddie Cantor makes his bow as a producer at RKO with "Show Business," a cavalcade of vaudeville and musical-comedy history. Nancy Kelly will have one of the three leading feminine roles in it. . . . Paul Lukas will have top honors in Columbia's "Address Unknown," from Kressman Taylor's short story.

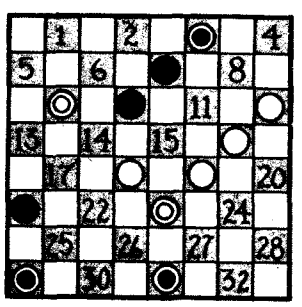
*Lenore Aubert*

## CHECKER STRATEGY

**WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN**

MAYBE you think it's a cinch for White to win by moving either 9 to 6 or 18 to 15. But you're wrong. These get no better than a draw. The winning strategy is deep and hard to find.

If you can't work out the win—and you may allow yourself two hours for solving this one—turn to page 22 and see how it's done. But first number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown, so that you can follow the winning moves as given in the answer.




**You used to see Elyse Knox, the girl across the way, on magazine covers; now you see her in the movies. She looks as good now as she looked then, and vice versa. Which means nobody's tired of looking. Her next picture for Universal is "Hi'ya, Sailor," and the United States Army would like to know how come?**

# TINY HILL ISN'T!

"TINY" Hill, the man-mountain band leader, was standing in a chow line loaded with brand new inductees at a mess hall in Scott Field, Ill., one afternoon last winter, when the mess sergeant spied him. "My Gawd, look at that rookie," groaned the zebra. "He'll eat us out of rations before they can find a uniform to fit him."

A couple of hours later the mess sergeant was surprised — and relieved — to see the same "rookie" leading a swing band before a houseful of GIs at the Scott Field Theater.

Tiny didn't mind the mess sergeant's wisecrack. In fact he only wished the rookie part had been true. "I tried to enlist long ago," he said, "but they didn't want me. They claimed I was overweight." The Army's maximum weight for men who are 6 feet 2 inches, Tiny's height, is 220 pounds. Tiny weighed 368 pounds, which made him 148 over the limit. "The Army made a mistake," Hill said. "It would've got two men for one."

Tiny did the next best thing to getting in the Army; he took his swing band and trouped all over the country entertaining GIs at Army and Navy posts. His first Army show was at Chanute Field, Ill., in May 1941 That was before the USO-Camp Shows had organized their program, and Tiny's outfit was pioneering on the GI entertainment circuit. "It was a little rough sometimes," he said, "but I wouldn't trade the experience for a million bucks."

Tiny found that most soldier audiences responded to his shuffle-rhythm numbers with great gusto, but there was one show he gave that stands out in his memory. That was the time he played for the wounded GIs at the Percy Jones Hospital in Battle Creek, Mich., last February. A large number of the men had just come in from Guadalcanal.

"I'm a fat man," said Tiny. "A fat man's supposed to be funny. Standing up in front of those fellows, I couldn't get myself to feel or act funny. Then one of the men in the band suggested we have a community sing. After that I loosened up, the audience loosened up, and everything was fine from then on."

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF YANK, The Army Weekly, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1943.**

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Summary Court, U. S. Army, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lt. Col. Franklin S. Forsberg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Officer in Charge of YANK, The Army Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Yank, The Army Weekly, War Dept., U. S. Gov., 205 E. 42d St., N. Y. C. Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, 205 E. 42d St., N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

War Department, United States Government, Washington, D. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is . . . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.)

FRANKLIN S. FORSBERG,
Lt. Col., A. U. S., Officer in Charge.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22d day of Sept., 1943.
[Seal] CHARLIE A. MADDEN, Capt. Inf.
Summary Court.

## ANAGRAMS

EVER try playing anagrams?

The idea is to rearrange the given letters to form a new word. *Example:* STRANGE + E gives SERGEANT.

The following anagrams are tough enough to work out with pencil and paper, but the real trick is to unscramble them mentally. Guaranteed to make you eligible for a Section 8.

1. THINK + G
2. CREMATION + P
3. POTATOES + H
4. NOTICES + A
5. WOMAN HITLER

Try making up some of your own and giving them to your pals to figure out. Excellent for KP musings. Oh yes, the answers to the above five are on page 22.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS** If you are a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK ORDER NO.

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

*Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective*



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# OST CHANGE

**This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.**

**If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.**

### *ARMY CLASSIFICATIONS*

**Case No. 1**

He was a lad who was never at peace
Unless he was covered with oil and with grease.
He loved taking motors and engines apart,
Just a twist of his hand—presto, they'd start;
Motors diminutive, motors titanic,
The one wasn't built that could phase this mechanic.

At classification he took every test
To find just the job that he could fill best;
Though with paper and pencil he proved quite a jerk,
The Army just rated him company clerk.

**Case No. 2**

He was one of those cultured and literate birds
Who always used polysyllabical words;
A wizard at math, an ace at logistics,
He could juggle and balance the most subtle statistics.
Though an expert on Shakespeare and Einstein and Freud,
On motors and engines his mind was void.

Now after a battery of test after test,
IQ and aptitude and all of the rest,
The Army decided his gargantuan brain
Was best fitted for greasing a truck or a plane.

*Charleston AAB, S. C.* —Cpl. CARL FENICHEL

### *CULINARY NOTES*

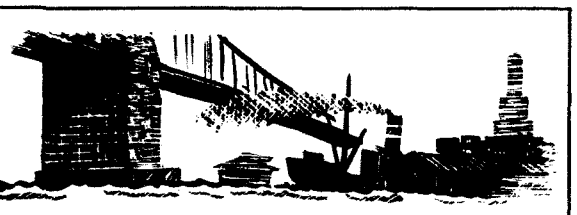
The sorriest sound ever heard in a mess
Are the sibilant syllables SOS.

*AAFSAT, Orlando, Fla.* —Cpls. EISNEBERG and COGLEY

Eat every slice of bread you see;
This policy sounds rash,
But it will keep your supper free
Of pudding and of hash.

*Camp Shelby, Miss.* —S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH

## A BROOKLYN SAGA



I'm Brooklyn's gift to the Army,
The cream of Flatbush row;
The gals they all adore me
No matter where I go.

I am muscled up like Atlas,
My biceps are delish;
And all the ladies tell me
I am their fav'rite dish.

*Oh Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn,*
*A Brooklyn bum am I;*
*I'll sing in praise of Brooklyn*
*Until the day I die.*

I met a gal in England,
I asked her for a kiss;
She said, "Sir, I'm a lady,
But you I can't resist."

I met a gal in Iceland,
She was a maiden fair;
But when I turned the heat on
She said, "I just don't care."

*Oh Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn,*
*That's where I want to be;*
*In bonnie, bonnie, Brooklyn,*
*My Brooklyn-by-the-sea.*

I met a gal in Turkey,
Her father was a shiek;
He owned a Turkish harem,
I stayed there for a week.

Fatima dwelt in Egypt,
She had a lovely smile;
And, oh, the things that happened
While floating down the Nile.

*Oh Brooklyn Brooklyn, Brooklyn,*
*A Brooklyn bum am I;*
*I'll sing in praise of Brooklyn*
*Until the day I die.*

*AAB, Maxton, S. C.* —Cpl. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

## "It Depends on the Bait You Use"

For some strange reason the company clerk forgets to put us on KP Sunday, so Mac and I decide to go fishing. First, though, we go to town for some bait.

Mac draws me into Seiver's Drug Store, which is jammed as usual. The five gals behind the counter are busy dishing out ice cream and drinks. Mac eyes the prettiest gal.

"Simon," he begins, "how old would you say that peach is?"

"Oh, about 19," I say.

"Nineteen, you're nuts! She's at least 18."

"Wanna bet?" I ask.

"Sure, nickel bet." We put our nickels on the counter. The gal pretends indifference, though we know she's heard every word we've said. We call over to one of the other gals.

"Uh, how old is Mabel there?" we point to the pretty one.

"Tee hee," giggles Dumb Dora, "her name's Jean."

Mac and I shake hands. The fish are biting.

"Okay, how old is Jean?"

"Eighteen," says D.D.

"Told you," says Mac as he grabs the nickels.

We repeat this routine a couple more times, and it isn't long before the gals behind the counter are doing their boss a great injustice because they definitely aren't dishing out the ice cream in the style to which it is accustomed. However, the guy is employing child labor, so he gets what he deserves.

And now Mac spots a sign on a beautiful nut-dispensing case which reads: "Johnson's Nuts." He nudges me, which is enough.

"Say, Simon," says Mac, "you know these gals really shouldn't be working here."

"Why not, Mac," says I.

"Because," says Mac, "just between me and you, the boss is crazy."

"Tee hee," giggles Jean. "Tee hee," echoes D.D.

"Oh, you don't believe us, huh?" says Mac belligerently. "Well, it says so right on that sign, see," and he points to the glaring letters: "Johnson's Nuts." The gals are a bit slow, but they finally get it.

"Uh," I say after a while, "you gals better stop laughing so much. Mr. Johnson might be looking. In fact, he is looking." And I point to a kindly gray-haired man behind the drug counter.

Jean laughs. "That's Mr. Seiver," she says. "He's the boss."

"Where's Johnson?" Mac asks.

"Johnson?" says Dorothy. "Who's he?"

"He's nuts," I say.

"So's Seiver," says Mac.

By now no one knows what the hell is going on. The guy on the end seat who's ordered an egg sandwich gets ham; I ordered a small coke and get a package of nuts. Mr. Seiver comes over to the counter to find what's happened to his usually well-ordered ice-cream counter.

"Hello, Mr. Seiver," says Mac putting out his hand. "Nice place you and Johnson have here."

"Yes, yes," says Seiver absently. "What's the trouble, Jean?"

"How much do you charge for your bait?" continues Mac.

"Bait? We don't sell bait," says Seiver.

"That's what you think," I say as I gaze rapturously into Jean's eyes.

"Well, that's what we get for listening to Johnson," says Mac.

"Johnson, Johnson, who's he?" asks Seiver. The opening is too much for the girls. In one voice they shriek, "He's nuts."

Mac and I decide it's time to go. We silently wend our way out of the confusion and cross the street to Clancy's Drug Store. After all, what's good enough for Seiver's good enough for Clancy.

Oh yes, about the fish. If you want to see what we caught, come to the park tomorrow night. We'll show you the prettiest mermaids this side of camp. They work in Brown's Drug Store.

*Camp Crowder, Mo.* —T-5 RAYMOND SIMON

*"Well, well, if it isn't Willoughby. Where have you been keeping yourself?"*
—Cpl. Tom Zibelli, Camp Davis, N. C.

## PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

**CHECKER STRATEGY.** Neither 9 to 6 nor 18 to 15 will do the trick because:

If White moves 9 to 6, then 10 to 14, followed by 7 to 11, draws for Black. If White moves 18 to 15, then 21 to 25, followed by 7 to 11, also draws for Black.

But here is the winning procedure:

White moves 9 to 13. Black moves 21 to 25, his only move. (29 to 25 loses by 18 to 14.) . . . White moves 13 to 17. Black crowns 25 to 30. . . . White moves 17 to 22. Black moves 30 to 25. . . . Now the fireworks start! White pitches 12 to 8. Black jumps 3 to 12. . . . White pitches 23 to 27. Black jumps 31 to 24 to 15. . . . White jumps 18 to 11 to 2. Black 25 to 18. . . . White moves 2 to 7. Black jumps 12 to 19. . . . White jumps 7 to 14 to 23 to 16. Black moves 29 to 25. . . . White moves 16 to 19. Black moves 25 to 21. White moves 19 to 23. White wins.

**ANAGRAMS.** 1. Knight. 2. Importance. 3. Osteopath. 4. Canoeist. 5. Mother-in-law.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yep, that's Maxie Baer. Only now he's Cpl. Baer, a physical instructor in the Fourth Air Service Command. Here he shows GIs at Tinker Field, Okla., the fine art of wrestling as Brother Buddy (right) looks on.

# SPORTS: IMAGINE, LOMBARDI'S AFRAID OF CROWDS!

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

You probably won't believe it, but Ernie Lombardi, the Giants' catcher, was rejected for military service because an Army psychiatrist said he was afraid of crowds! Maybe, as somebody has suggested, that psychiatrist ought to go to a psychiatrist. . . . Al Schacht, the baseball funny man, is back home from his overseas tour with this observation: "All the German prisoners looked alike to me. They all look like umpires." . . . Max Baer says his corporal's pay is only peanuts to him because he draws $1,000 a month from those annuities he bought when he was champ. Baer, by the way, has another son, making a total of two little Baers. . . . The Giants have offered Lefty Gomez a contract for next year. . . . Babe Dahlgren of the Phillies was probably the most versatile man in the majors this year. He played first, second, third, short and even caught a few games.

This is one of the better stories on Bronko Nagurski, who returns to pro football this year with the Chicago Bears. During the Minnesota-Pittsburgh game, a Pitt lineman collided with The Bronk and suffered a broken collar bone. The next week end, the Pitt team was on the road and the injured lineman was taken along just for the ride. The train made a sudden stop, shaking up all the passengers and tossing luggage all over the car. The injured lineman became panicky and ran up and down the aisle, yelling: "Run for your lives! It's Nagurski!"

Jumping Joe Savoldi, the former heavyweight wrestling champion and one of Knute Rockne's All-Americans at Notre Dame, has turned up in the Mediterranean Theater as commander of a PT boat. Just before the armistice with Italy was signed, his craft sank a 6,000-ton Italian transport. . . . Herman Hickman, Army's ponderous 300-pound line coach, is another ex-All-American (Tennessee) who was persuaded to go into professional wrestling after leaving college. But he's proud of one distinction. "I was never forced to become the champion," he boasts. . . . Take it from Dizzy Dean, the Army made "a tremendous boner" when they rejected him because of a punctured eardrum. "If they had only tooken me in," Dizzy said, "this here war would be over in less time than I ever spent listening to a speech by Branch Rickey."

The idea of taking two teams of major-league players to entertain the GIs in the South Pacific Theater isn't new. In fact, it's as old as the last war. In 1918 John McGraw was organizing two all-star teams to tour France when the armistice came along and canceled his plans. Judge Landis, who is responsible for the current tour, says he doesn't know who first thought up the idea. "Take the Washington Stadium here," he told YANK's Washington correspondent, "fill up the bleachers and seats and put someone on every lap. Then fill up the field and stand someone on every man's shoulders and then you get an idea of the number of people who say they thought it up first. The only thing I'm sure of is that it wasn't me."

The Kentucky Derby is still a long way off, but you might paste the name of Ben Jones' colt Pensive in your cap for future reference. He can fly around other horses just like Whirlaway used to do. . . . Don't be surprised if the big leagues decide to call it quits after this season. That new pre-Pearl Harbor father-draft law figures to wreck just about every team in the majors. . . . The Navy football team might turn out to be the real stunner in the East. A couple of patriotic congressmen have just appointed Don Whitmire, an All-Southeastern Conference tackle from Alabama, and Don Jenkins, another Alabama player, to Annapolis. . . . Col. Gar Davidson, one of West Point's best known football coaches, is serving on Gen. Patton's Seventh Army staff in Sicily.

Maybe somebody can tell the Poster Lameducks, an Aleutian softball team, whether they really hold the worst record of any team in or out of Alaska. "We finished in a tie for last place in our post league, losing 22 straight games, 19 of them by shutouts," they write. "We had the bases loaded 18 times without scoring. While our pitchers limited the opponents to an average of six hits per game, the rest of the club averaged 10 errors per game, which more than evened things up." . . . And from Camp Livingston, La., there comes a challenge for any camp to top this record: "Our baseball team ended the season with 39 victories against 9 losses. It won the Louisiana Semi-Professional championship and the championship of the USO Alexandria Military League. The 113th Engineers, representing our camp, copped the Southwest regional softball championship at New Orleans, winning that title without dropping a game in the tournament."

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

*Lt. Mickey Cochrane (center) gives his Great Lakes baseball squad a send-off as they leave for a new base in the East. L. to r.: Glenn McQuillen, Browns; Lt. Comdr. Cook, athletic officer; John Mize, Giants; Eddie Pellagrini, Louisville Colonels; Bob Harris, Athletics; Lt. Cochrane; George Dickey, White Sox; Barney McCoskey, Tigers; Johnny Schmitz, Cubs; Leo Nonnenkamp, Kansas City Blues; Vern Olsen, Cubs, and Joe Grace, Browns.*

*Sgt. Enos Slaughter, who helped the Cardinals win the World Series last year, spent his last furlough around the St. Louis dugout. Here he talks with Manager Southworth just before the World Series.*



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

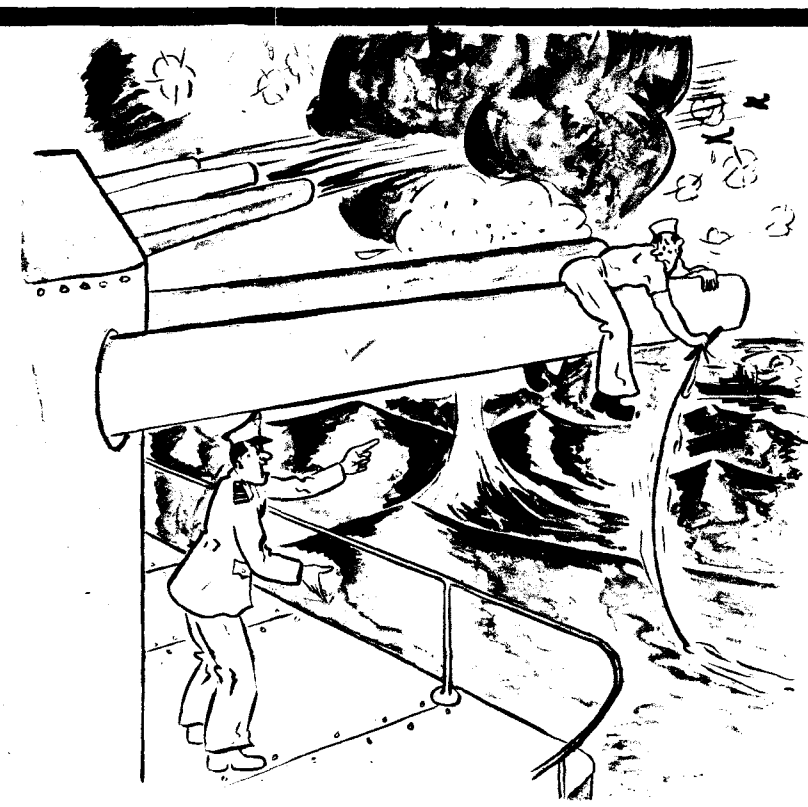
# THE ARMY WEEKLY

"WHEN WE TAKE THE TOP OF THE HILL, GET A LOAD OF THE VIEW. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE WORLD FAMOUS."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt

—Cpl. Hugh E. Kennedy

"A MR. GUNGA DIN TO SEE YOU, SIR."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

"NO MA'AM, IT WAS NEITHER BIZERTE OR ATTU. IT WAS AN UPPER BUNK AT FORT BROOKINGS, S. DAK."
—Cpl. F. J. Torbert



"TO HELL WITH YOUR NIBBLE—GET OFF THERE!"
—Sgt. Dick Ericson


## YANK BLANK # 70

***Don't Let This One Get By!***

**Believe it or not, YANK has printed a subscription coupon in 69 issues before this one. If you haven't already sent in your YANK BLANK, fill this out NOW!**

FULL NAME AND RANK _____

MILITARY ADDRESS _____

2-18

***PLEASE CHECK:*** **1 YEAR** *(52 ISSUES)* ☐ **$2.00**
**6 MONTHS** *(26 ISSUES)* ☐ **$1.00**

*Enclose check, cash, or money order and mail to:*

**YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.**

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED ONLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES


PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED